

# FRANK LESLIE'S WEEKLY JOURNAL OF SATIRE AND NEWS PAPER

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"Dead-Gone," and a Moral.

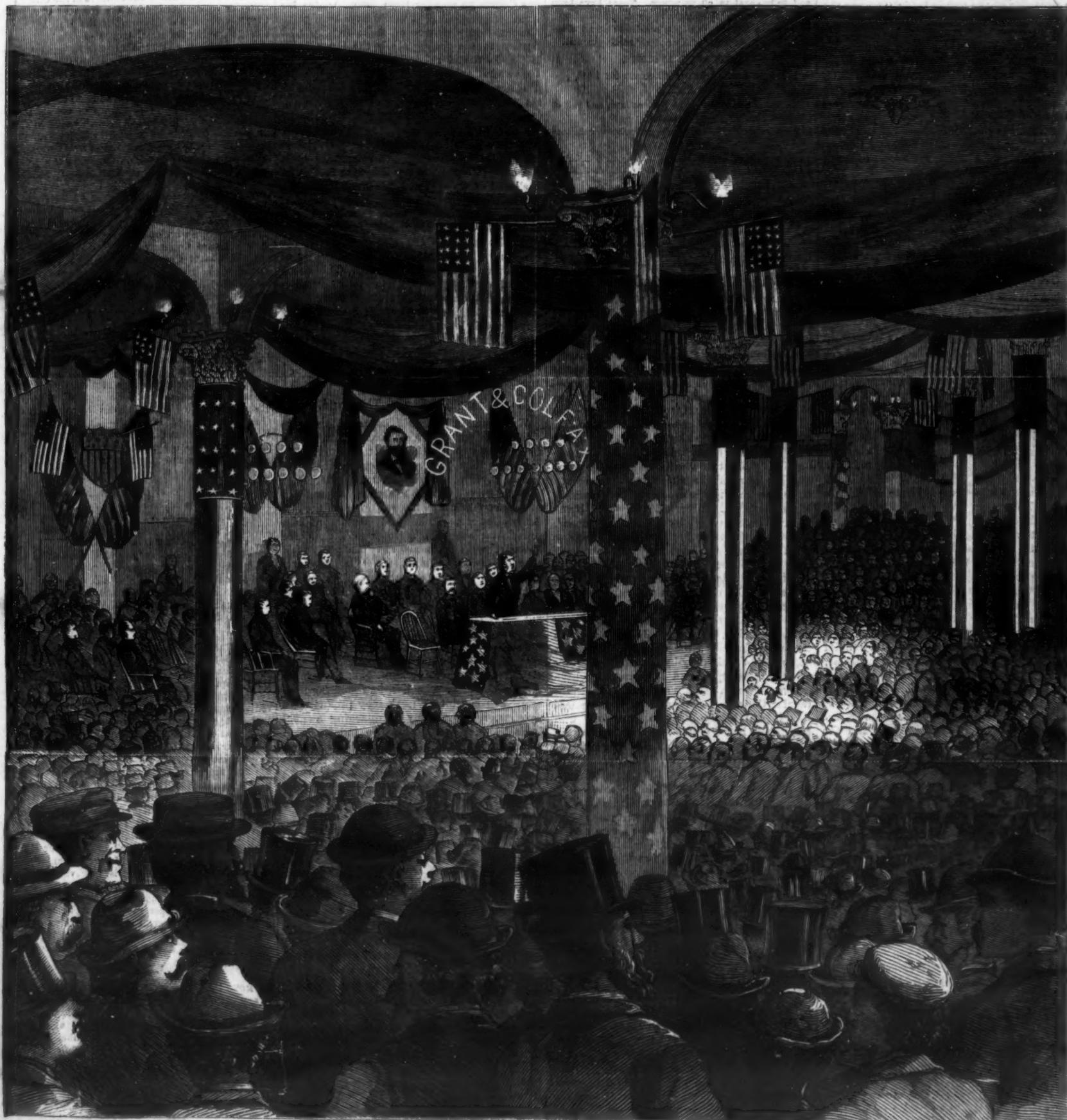
REGARDING the defeat of the so-called Democratic party as already complete, we venture to moralize a little on its causes. In the first place, no party can be organized, and have life and vigor, on simple negatives. It must have positive, affirmative principles, and these

must be progressive in their nature. Mere opposition is one thing, and often useful; but a party *out* must not be content with opposing and denouncing the party *in*; it must propose something better and more advanced than the organization it seeks to displace.

Now, the 4th of July last dawned upon a country in this condition. The Republican

party, covered with the honor and glory of having carried the country successfully through a great war, had substantially accomplished its mission. It had succeeded, through the ignorance, conceit, and obstinacy of an accidental President, in placing the logical results of the war on the highest and most advanced grounds, as expressed more

particularly in the 14th Constitutional Amendment. But in achieving this grand work it had fallen into many extravagances. The opposition of Johnson, and the offensive attitude of the South, sustained and encouraged by him, had forced many of the Republicans into that kind of exaltation of politics called Radicalism. The very best men of the party



MASS MEETING OF WAR DEMOCRATS IN FAVOR OF GRANT AND COLFAX, COOPER INSTITUTE, NEW YORK CITY, OCTOBER 21ST.—THE SCENE IN THE GREAT HALL OF THE INSTITUTE.—SEE PAGE 115.

went to extremes in virtue of the very characteristics and tendencies which had made them, during the war, the best and most efficient supporters and defenders of the national unity.

Besides, in the burly-burly of the war, thousands of bad and corrupt men had got into profitable places, to which they held with all the tenacity of leeches. Johnson succeeded in placing many of his servile adherents in position—every one of whom was corrupt, but whose derelictions were charged, and with a certain poetical justice, against the party which had elected him.

The Revenues on the 4th of July were, and as we write still are, badly administered.

A feeble, vacillating imitation of the consistent, firm policy of Chase was adopted by his successor; and these were charged upon the Republican party as the sponsor for McCulloch. The senile vagaries of Seward reacted also upon the party he helped to organize, and which he was among the first to betray.

Altogether there were many elements of disaffection in the Republican party, and a general desire, if not anxiety, for change throughout the country. But not for a change that was to unsettle the great results which it had cost eight years of heroic and unprecedented effort to establish. A change in the personnel of the Government, an ousting of moss-grown placeholders, an infusion of new blood, and a return to the practice and principles of those peaceful times when it was supposed the destinies of the country hinged on the question, whether there should be a distribution of the proceeds of the public lands "among the several States," or whether there should be a "judicious" or an "equitable" tariff.

It was then, when the country was ripe for change, thinking that almost any would be for the better, that the Democratic Convention met. It was largely made up of members from the Southern States, who had fought against the flag of their country. But that was well enough, for what the country needed and needs is restoration in spirit as in fact, and that requires all sections shall meet on common ground.

Now, what did this Democratic Convention do? Instead of fully accepting the condition of things existing when they met, and which they knew was irreversible, they endeavored to roll back the years—reopen conflicts long ago decided by the final arbitrament of the sword, and launch the country again into a sea of turmoil, discord, and blood. Instead of putting forward a man who, second to but one other, "deserved well of his country," whose nomination would have been a practical acceptance of the results of the war, and who would have drawn around him a large part of the Republican party, they put forward a gentleman distinguished for suavity, but most unfavorably for his political antecedents; who never said a word or did a deed entitled to be remembered gratefully by his countrymen; a bald politician, who was as near a rebel as it was prudent to be through every year of our great struggle to put down rebellion. And they associated with him a tenth-rate general of the Union armies—belonging to a family of political Dalgeltys, who are "everything by turns and nothing long," and who are consistent only to one principle, self-interest, or what appears to be such—and whose bid for the nomination for the Vice-Presidency was only less infamous and alarming than the "plank" which the most rebellious of all the rebels, General Wade Hampton, introduced in the "platform." Every election that has taken place since shows that all this—nomination as well as platform—was both a blunder and a crime. It drove away all moderate, thinking, and patriotic men, who wanted no change in the principles on which the Government was conducted, but in its policy and personnel. It alienated all those also who believe that a rotation of parties in power and the existence of a strong, vigorous, but patriotic opposition, is one of the safeguards of liberty.

We see the result in the October elections, sure precursors of what is to take place in November. The party with its greenback and repudiation doctrines in the West, and its "bloated bondholders' principles" in the East; with its pretense of a "white man's government" in one section, and its fawning on "colored democrats" in another; with its leaders proclaiming violent extirpation of the governments of the reconstructed States, forcible dispersion of the Senate by the Executive, and open assassination in certain contingencies—we say the party thus constituted, stultified, and violent, is already defeated, and will disappear in November from contemporaneous history, and it deserves to do so. It is incapable of keeping up with the spirit of the age. It ignores the laws of progress. It is as lonely beyond bigoted Spain, which unanimously abolishes slavery and establishes universal suffrage.

Perhaps the most humiliating feature of the *envelope* was the attempt made during the panic following the October elections to change the candidates. The great blunder of July became then apparent to all, and the frightened

leaders were ready to call upon all the gods at once to save them. It was too late, however, to follow out in politics the tactics of the great McClellan in the field. Perhaps a recollection of the consequences of that commander's "masterly change of base" on the James may have discouraged the attempt. Enough to say it was not made. But the most ridiculous thing was to throw Mr. Seymour to the front, as if his single arm, were it a thousand times stronger, could arrest the victorious Republican legions, or his eloquence—"a weak, wavy, everlasting flood"—rally the disordered Democratic columns! The futility of all this, apparent enough now, will be demonstrated in November.

And the moral of all is, and will be, that no great party can exist except as the exponent and exemplar of living, present, active principles; nor unless its patriotism be beyond all question.

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FRANK LESLIE'S  
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

537 Pearl Street, New York.

NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 7, 1868.

NOTICE.—We have no traveling agents. All persons representing themselves to be such are impostors.

### The Courts and the Police.

We notice with pleasure a recent change in the mode in which magistrates deal with cases of assaults by the police, or the unprovoked use of their weapons. We have never failed in these columns to point out the illegality of many acts of members of the police, nor to denounce the timidity—to call it by the mildest name—of those Justices who refused to hear complaints against officers, sending the suffering citizen to the Commissioners of Police, to find there what remedy he could. What a parody on a Court of Justice this tribunal is, no one can be ignorant of who reads newspapers, or who has ever had the misfortune to be made a target for the stupid jokes and ill-timed railing of the president. Even levity might be borne with, if accompanied by substantial justice. But this latter is impossible, simply because the Commissioners have no power to punish their men beyond dismissal, or a light fine, which if they do not choose to pay, they can resign. A Criminal Court without power to sentence or to punish is a mere mockery, and it is only lately that, driven by the force of public opinion, pretty loudly expressed in the public journals, the Commissioners have begun to do their duty by disposing of simple cases on the spot, and have actually been known to send a flagrant case of outrage to the regular Courts. How great an improvement this is will be apparent to every one who remembers how a police captain last year shut up a poor woman in a cell all night with the dead body of her infant child, squeezed to death in a crowd, and how the Commissioners, in due course of time, found he was not to blame, and, in spite of the public indignation excited, refused to dismiss or punish the fellow.

The community has cause to be grateful to Judge Dowling for the course he lately pursued in the case of a policeman found guilty of an aggravated assault. It is precisely that which we have for a long time constantly urged as the only effectual means of stopping brutal "clubbing," and our only regret in the matter is, that its application has been so long deferred. Said the Justice:—"As I said before, the Court intends to make an example of you, and all complaints hereafter, of a like character, will be received in the Police Courts, when committed by officers against citizens. I have heretofore sent such cases to the Commissioners of Police; but I think it best not to send such to them hereafter, for, as a rule, they are too lenient, their punishment never being adequate to the offense. I will hereafter entertain all such complaints personally, as a magistrate." And we hope his associates on the Bench will do likewise.

The offender was sentenced to two months

in the Penitentiary, and the public will watch with some interest to see whether he will be reinstated when his term is out. We will not venture to suggest what should be done in such a case, trusting it will not arrive, and that the Commissioners will have the sense to see that the public, though very patient, will not endure forever such outrages of its most sacred rights as it has lately borne.

### Lottery and Policy Tickets.

The Hon. John Morrissey, Member of Congress—on the Democratic side, we are glad to add—and associate of various unnameable fraternities—by which, however, his social standing in Washington is not jeopardized, so report says—is figuring in the Courts as complainant in a lottery case. Long ago our Legislature forbade, under heavy penalties, any dealings in lotteries in this State, their pernicious and demoralizing effects being recognized by every honest man. Innumerable were the shifts and evasions by which the projectors of these nefarious but immensely profitable schemes tried to cheat the law, and gain access to the crowds of fools and dupes which may always be found in a population like ours. Occasionally, in times past, the hawks have been less wise than the pigeons, which is saying a good deal, and have been caught in the meshes of the law, with the result, we are sorry to say, of their not always being punished as they ought to have been. But it is reserved for our day to see the cool impudence of the worst offender coming to ask the aid of our Courts to recover from his associates his share of the spoils. It would have been gratifying to every person of right feeling, who desires to see the dignity of the law upheld, if the Court had refused to hear the cause, on the ground that it was against public morals. The law will not interfere to enforce the payment of a bet. But betting, however foolish, is a venial offense compared with gambling, which lottery dealing is, and in its worst form, because the victims play, as it were, against marked cards. We will not attempt to limit the extent to which a clever lawyer may twist the letter of the law, and it is possible that the Court, much to its disgust, may have been unable, legally, to dismiss the case. But there is a public sentiment which is higher than the law, and the respectability of the community is outraged when the dignity of our Courts of Justice is lowered. This is not even a case of the old adage, that "when thieves fall out, honest men get their due," for there is no honesty about it; but if the silly dupes of this lottery gang are capable of being taught, they may at least learn where their money has gone, and what sort of men it has enriched.

### Helmold's Forty Thousand.

WHETHER Mr. Helmold, in presenting to the Democratic party, for election expenses, double the amount that Mr. Pierrepont gave to the Republicans, thought it would cost twice as much to elect Seymour as to elect Grant, or whether he thought Seymour worth two Grants, is not a matter of much importance, in view of the late State elections. If, however, Mr. Helmold's principles are not more sound than his rhetoric, we should not envy the party their new champion. He writes: "In this correspondence" (he means "letter"), "I would not wish to assert anything against the payment of the debt, but the interest is exorbitant. It" (the debt, or the interest?) "cannot be paid excepting in the same currency as purchased it" (was the debt, or the interest "purchased"?) "and when this is once done, capital seeks other investments of a more lucrative character" (he has just said the "interest was exorbitant"), "thereby producing a revenue, and gradually approaching a gold basis." May we venture to inquire what "thereby" means? Are the "more lucrative investments" to yield "revenue" to the capitalist or to the country? and what has "gold basis" to do in this connection? We know of only one parallel to this hash of words: "And there were present the picnickers, the joblillies, and the ghibellines, and the great panjandrum himself with a little round button at the top. And they all began to play at the game of 'catch who catch can,' till the gunpowder ran out at the heels of their boots."

### Nagle and Train.

COLONEL (or GENERAL) NAGLE takes great pains to deny that he asserted at a political meeting that "G. F. Train was not afraid of the devil." He scarcely does justice to the "irrepressible." We have before us the concluding sentence of G. F. Train's speech at Pilot Knob last year, which reads thus: "If I were a demagogue, my platform would be woman's rights, repudiation, and hell-fire." Those being Train's own sentiments, we submit to the judgment of our readers whether Colonel (or General) Nagle had any right to admit, even by implication, that his friend Train was afraid of the devil.

### Matters and Things.

THE Polish Liberals, in general, are in profound sympathy with every progressive movement in Europe. Only in the Eastern question some have left the common cause, and, in order to have an opportunity to fight against the ambitious schemes of the Czar, have enlisted in the service of the Sultan. Mazzini has published an address, in which, with great eloquence and force, he shows that the Christians of Turkey are fighting for the same sacred cause for which the Poles have so long struggled and suffered, and that, therefore, they ought to have the profound sympathy of every Liberal Pole. The population of most of the Christian Provinces of Turkey belong, like the Poles, to the Slavic race, and when they shall have achieved their independence, they will represent, together with the Poles, a free branch of the great Slavic race—a barrier rather than an ally to the dynastic plans of the Czar.—The London *Times*, in an article on the "future of Mexico," says: "There could, probably, be nothing better for the Mexicans, or for the world, than that the country should be absorbed in the American Union. We do not say that other destinies might not have been as favorable, but the Americans would allow no other destinies to be accomplished. The question is how even this consummation is to be realized."—A Paris paper states that the Siamese twins, now exhibiting themselves in this city, were living happily in the South when the war broke out, when Chang declared himself a Unionist, Eng a Secessionist, and the quarrels between them became so violent that the twins were at one time on the point of fighting a duel.—The desertions from the Papal army have lately been so numerous, that a plan of reform has been submitted to the Pope, which provides that only those shall henceforth be enrolled as soldiers under the banners of the Church who will take upon themselves the vows of chastity, poverty and obedience. If the Holy Father can get a few thousand troops of this kind, we will back up his army in a fair fight against all the armies of Europe.—The Peace Congress in session in Berne, Switzerland, on the 27th ultimo, discussed the question of the rights of women. Several females spoke and proclaimed the principle of the equality of privileges of both sexes, amidst the applause of the assembly. The Congress advised Spain to organize a Federal republic.—Says the New York *Times*: "If the civil authorities of the Southern States do not at least try to put a stop to the assaults and murders committed upon Unionists by Confederates, we fear they will prepare the way for some very undesirable legislation by next session of Congress. If they will catch and hang a fair proportion of the murderers who operate against Union men, they will save themselves and us a great deal of trouble."—At the period of Queen Victoria's accession to the throne of Great Britain the Legislature settled on her an income of \$2,500,000 in gold. This is a large sum for even John Bull, with all his predilection for royalty, to pay when that office becomes so complete a sinecure as it has been lately. Muttered whisperings of abdication have reached this country from time to time during the past year; and one member of the House of Commons, more outspoken than the rest, actually proposed, during the late session, that "this House do respectfully memorialize Her Most Gracious Majesty to resign her position as Queen of Great Britain and Ireland."—Mr. Wm. Oland Bourne now claims that he wrote the poem commencing with an apostrophe to the American Flag in this wise:

"Tear down that flunting lie!"

It has always been attributed to the late General Halpine, and we believe was always claimed by him.—Mr. George W. Childs, publisher of the Philadelphia *Ledger*, recently presented a burial lot, very eligibly located in Woodlands Cemetery, to the Philadelphia Typographical Society. It is most magnificently enclosed with massive marble, and over the entrance is a splendid arch of Gothic style. The area is nearly 2,000 superficial feet, and will suffice for the use of the society for many years.

IT seems that the Canadians are alarmed at the fact that not only does the United States absorb by far the greater number of the emigrant settlers from Europe, especially those who have some capital in hand, but also large numbers of native-born Canadians and Europeans long settled in the country. The fact is of such proportions that it has been made the subject of a legislative committee's investigation, instructed to inquire into "this deplorable emigration, and the best means of arresting this evil before it acquires larger proportions." This committee has reported that the "evil" results from two causes: "The absence of manufactures, which occasions the children of our farmers to be devoid of occupation during our long winters, and the want of agricultural knowledge, which prevents our agriculture attaining that point of development which is to be desired." The fact is, however, that although taxes and supplies are higher with us than in Canada, yet wages are also, and land just as cheap. Besides, people prefer to belong to a great, growing, powerful and progressive country, than to a set of loosely united piddling provinces, such as make up the "Dominion of Canada."

AMONG the characteristically impracticable, not to say needless and absurd crotchets of our "misguided Southern brethren," was the late war, and it was followed by another as absurd, that of emigrating to distant lands, instead of submitting to the arbitration of the sword, which they had invoked. "Colonies" went to Mexico, and Belize, and Brazil, and the Lord knows where else. Went in a pot, spitefully, with no lofty or permanent motive or purpose, without which, success in colonizing is impossible. They were all directors and overseers. There were few capitalists, and

no workers. Of course they all speedily went to the bad, and their surviving members are coming back in dribs and drabs, as the charities of their friends permit, and are taking to their old trade, politics. One colony, however, succeeded. At least we are told so in the "Guide to the Price Grant" in Venezuelan Guayana, where "it is no treason to differ in opinion," as it is now in the United States. For the benefit of the "impoverished Southern people," to whom the book is addressed, we will state, on the authority of the book, viz.: that "already about 4,000 Americans from the southern provinces of the United States have located themselves on the banks of the Orinoco and its tributary the Caroni, at Puerto las Tablas, 200 miles from the mouth of the Great River, and on its northern shore; at New Caroni, on the opposite bank; at a colony on the Paragua river, which falls into the Caroni at Carrutel, on the latter stream; and at Borbon, Santa Cruz and Orinoco on the Orinoco, to the west of Angostura." We advise emigrants to get their baggage "checked through," and themselves not to lose the direction.

*The New York Sun* notices Mr. Rosenberg's picture, "Long Branch by Moonlight," as follows:

"He has handled his subject in a masterly way; his drawing is vigorous, clear, and determined; his grouping skillful, and the picture is full of vitality; but in tone we do not for the reasons stated find it perfect."

ONE M. M. Pomeroy, better known as "Brick Pomeroy," published the following in *The Assassins' Organ* of October 13th:

"If he is elected by unfair means, or use of illegal power—if he does not receive a majority of the 317 votes of the Electoral College, fairly cast—if he seeks to override a majority in America—he dies before his term of office shall one-fourth expire, and the party that would thus unjustly elevate him to power shall be strangled in the blood it cries for."

This is the same individual who gloated over the murder of Lincoln by "the gentleman Booth."

MR. REVERDY JOHNSON, who, through the misguided friendship of an American Senate, misrepresents us in Great Britain, has accepted an invitation to a public dinner in Liverpool, to meet, among others, Mr. Laird, M. P., the builder of the Alabama, and one of our most virulent enemies. We suppose he will call him "my friend," as he did the foul-mouthed traducer and life-long hater of our country, Roebuck. Perhaps he may say of him, as he did of the notorious Lord Wharncliffe, President of the Southern Association of blockade-runners and pirates, that "his name ought to be dear to every American. A London correspondent writes of the venerable flunkie:

"If you care to save your country from further humiliation, summon home your recreant Minister. If you care to preserve so much good will as exists between England and America, summon him home. Mr. Reverdy Johnson has done more in the last six weeks to estrange the two countries than can be undo by a dozen treaties. He has disgusted America by the debasement of his office and the protestations of such a spirit of forgiving me kness at home as do not and could not be felt in America toward England. He has alienated the regard of English Liberals by his associations with the Roebucks and Lairds. Summon him home, and send over here a man who will represent something beside sympathy with a dead Confederacy."

ONE significant and happy result of the October elections has been a sensible appreciation in the value of Government securities at home and abroad, and a marked decrease in the price of gold, thus assimilating greenbacks to gold in value. As observed by a contemporary:

"We are in favor of that point in the Democratic platform which says: 'One currency for the Government and the people, the laborer and the officeholder, the pensioner, the soldier, the producer and the bondholder.' But we are not in favor of a depreciated greenback currency for either laborers, producers or pensioners. We desire to see an administration of our affairs that will make gold, bonds, and greenbacks of equal value—so that they will be interchangeable at their face, and the purchasing power of each will be the same. It is only by a pol'y of peace, developing and economizing our magnificent resources, that this desirable end will ever be attained. Let us have peace."

Few men can curse his enemies—and they include by far the largest portion of the human race—with such infinite unctuous and force as Mr. Wendell Phillips. The latest object of his scorpion lash is the Adams family, who are thus characterized:

"The first Adams cheated his party: was the assassin of the most intellectual statesman of that age, Alexander Hamilton. There has never been a generation of the family since which has not repeated the treason, that once dreamt of a 'last Adams.' Heaven vouches us no such lust. They are a type of the worst that attacks republics—a vain, greedy, devious race, always in the market, and in making up which their maker—whoever he was—omitted every generous emotion and a moral sense."

This is what the *La Croise Democrat* said of "the Blairs" not long ago:

"What have the Blairs in common with the Democratic party? They all contributed, to the extent of their ability, to widen the gulf and increase the bitterness between the North and the South, which led to the late tremendous convolution. It is this Blair family, whose history is thus truthfully sketched, which now claims position and a voice in the Democratic party. Has the Democratic party fallen so low as to be used by such creatures? Is it so craven as to allow such fellows to say what it shall do, or what it shall not do?"

THEIR is a great difference in the battle plans of the General and his Lieutenant—of Seymour and Blair. The first says "Push the financial question"; the second says that "The one thing that includes all there is worth anything in the contest" is the nullification of all the Reconstruction acts; or, in Mr. Blair's own words, "the election of a President who will trample them in the dust." Mr. Seymour is pushing the financial question in a forcible, feeble and thoroughly characteristic way. He has found out that there is, per capita, a larger amount of national bank currency about in the East than in the West, and that the Government bonds were mainly taken in

the Northern Atlantic States, and "the Union thus divided into debtor and creditor States." Did the Governor ever imagine that they would be taken in the Southern Atlantic States, or among his "friends" of the July riots?

THE Democratic State Committee, in attempting a cheerful crow over the October elections, in the shape of an address to the Democracy, became eloquent, incoherent, and confused, to the extent of saying:

"We would have averted a civil conflict, in which have perished more young men of our own race than all those of the same age and sex who were held in slavery."

"Young men of the same age and sex" is a phrase which will not produce the solemnity, in the parts addressed, appropriate to such an occasion.

#### GENEVIEVE DE BRABANT."

THE second tilt for the championship of Opera Bouffe has begun. Unhorsed in the first course, the Graf Grau is mounted upon a new, large, broad, and sinewy steed, named "Genevieve de Brabant," and with a gallant troupe of squires, men-at-arms, pages, and singing women, has entered the lists, and bids defiance, with indomitable pluck, to his former adversary.

Meanwhile, the Baron Bateman, confident in his first success, and rejoicing in the strength of his renowned mare, "La Grande Duchesse," has not been idle.

Something b'own as she is, by her long battle against all comers, he will try another of his old stud, "La Belle Helene."

Which may bear off the prize in this course, it would be impossible to say.

However, dropping metaphor, we may examine cursorily, upon a first hearing, the merits of Offenbach's last known work to the lovers of Opera Bouffe upon this side of the Atlantic. When the Graf Grau produced the "Grande Duchesse," he made a grave mistake. However good Rossini might be, it was impossible a new rendering could obliterate our recollections of Tosca in the part. Better or worse although coming representations of it may be, Tosca will always reign in the memory of the present theatrical generation as the first and only "Grand Duchess" it has known. Here, however, he stands on new ground, and to own the truth, has produced "Genevieve de Brabant" with a care, completeness, and splendor, that ought to command success. The scenery is very fine, the dresses of the characters are magnificent, and, judging by a first hearing, the music is as Offenbach, but rather more evenly good, than in any opera of the composer we have yet seen. If it has not so many morsels of melody which may everywhere be hummed and sung, it has generally better written airs, and we may, at any rate, point out one ditty—that of "Grubage" and "Piton"—as being a piece of musical comedy, which, in itself, surpasses in merit the "Sibyl de mon Père," and in its execution fairly equals it. MM. Bourgois and Gabel, on the first night, were encored three times in this. We have only space to say that the whole company did their work admirably. Miles, Desclauxas and Rosa Bell, with MM. Carrier, Becker, and the rest, sung and performed admirably, and fully justify the warmest eulogium which can be passed upon the tact of Graf Grau, in securing so brilliant a troupe of vocalists for the demands of Opera Bouffe. He deserves the success which he appeals to the public for.

—At the Academy of Music, Miss Kellogg has produced an even stronger sensation amongst the upper crust of our more refined musical taste. On last Monday she appeared, on her return to New York, for the first time, before a house crowded in every part. Perhaps she is somewhat changed in voice, which we feared gave some evidence of being slightly under the influence of fatigue, but her delicious style is as delicate and finished as ever. She was received with an enthusiasm which would go far to justify us in ranking her as the public's prime musical favorite.

Forrest has continued drawing large audiences to Niblo's, whatever he may play—*Lear*, *Rickeletta*, *Verginia*, *Dame*, or any other of the range of characters in which he literally stands alone. We omitted to state in our last notice of him, that he was supported, among others, by Madame Ponzi. How is it, that this fine artist, our very greatest actress in tragedy, and also a thoroughly excellent comedienne, should only appear of late years when Mr. Forrest performs an engagement in New York? Are our general managers so incompetent, that they cannot feel the value of one whose beauty of manner and general attraction so long rendered her the principal female support of our leading theatre? Or is it that she herself does not care for the general engagements which lie around loose for any actress with a fair amount of talent?

—Professor Bohm's Lecture on "Earth and Man" is daily drawing larger audiences. The pictures by which it is illustrated are admirable, and give a full pictorial geological history of our earth—at least as full a one as can be compressed into the space of one hour and a half. At first, we own we entertained some doubts of his success, but we confess ourselves agreeably disappointed, being happy to find that a large section of our fellow-citizens can appreciate instruction when so agreeably popularized as it has been by the professor. The Allemann Hall, in East Sixteenth street, is crowded every night.

#### ART GOSSIP.

IT is bleak in the mountains now, and blustering winds sweep the shore, an immediate result of which condition of nature is, that many of the artists have already returned to their studios in the city. A few of those who love to take their inspiration from the "melancholy days," when the "topmost leaf that looks up at the sky" is about the only one left to each sad and sighing tree of the forest, yet remain in their chosen solitude. Doubtless from some of these we shall have studies of the "early snow"—subject most difficult to paint successfully, on account of the extreme contrasts of hot and cold colors, but which some of our artists—notably Mr. R. Gignoux—have rendered with excellent effect.

Mr. C. A. Sommer, who has for some months past been rambling about the hills and valleys of Connecticut, is now at his studio, 205 Broadway. He has made good use of his time and opportunities, as is evidenced by the large collection of sketches in oil that he has brought home with him. In these he has material to keep him busy for many months to come. Three finished pictures of great merit are now to be seen in Mr. Sommer's studio.

One of these is a view on the coast of Connecticut, with a strong effect of dark, stormy sky. Another is a river view among mountain cliffs; wild and rugged in the foreground, with a dark sky, of which the drifting movement is very happily rendered. A smaller landscape is one of a somewhat pastoral character, with brilliant color, and very truthful studies of foreground trees.

During most of the summer, Mr. J. H. Dolph has been at his summer retreat on the Hudson, from which neighborhood he has brought numerous studies of cattle, flocks with blacksmiths at work, and other rural incidents of varied and interesting character. Mr. Dolph intends to contribute several pictures to the approaching Academy exhibition. Possibly, among them

there may be a large landscape on which he is now additionally at work, and which, so far as it has yet advanced, promises to be his *chef-d'œuvre*. It is a varied and charming scene on the Delaware river, warm with the glow of the autumnal tint.

Mr. William Hart has also lately returned to the city, from a protracted visit to the wilder districts of Maine and elsewhere. Many able sketches in oil, and many delicately-executed studies with the pen, attest the assiduity with which he has worked during his absence. He has now on hand a large and brilliant landscape of a half-civilized, half-savage scene in Maine. In the foreground there is a small farmhouse, with people at work among the yellow corn: wild and dark mountains beyond, with a stream tumbling down to the foreground over a rocky bed. These elements are picturesque enough to inspire a painter, and Mr. Hart has certainly drawn inspiration from them.

Among the most attractive works in the gallery annexed to the Derby Atheneum, just now opened, is Mr. C. G. Rosenberg's picture of "Long Branch by Moonlight," which, we understand, has been purchased from the artist by Mr. Derby. The scene is a very striking one, with a bright moon climbing over the tranquil sea, and touching with silver gleams the groups of figures assembled on the cliff. An effect of lamplight from a building to the right of the picture is well managed in its contrast with the cold light of the moon. In the groups there is a great variety of character, and the picture is likely to be one of the most popular of the season.

#### Diamond Smugglers—American Ladies, etc.

IN the railway train from Wiesbaden to Frankfort, a few nights since, a little Jew entertained us with an account of his smuggling transactions; how he was in partnership with agents and runners who were constantly crossing and recrossing the Atlantic laden with diamonds and precious stones, which they sold to the large dealers and jewelers in the States, boldly declaring that our most notable jewelers make great fortunes by buying diamonds at European prices, and selling at a high advance, with duties added that they never pay. Another Jew, at Wiesbaden, subsequently confirmed all this, and mentioned the names of well known houses in New York, who obtained nearly all their diamonds in this irregular way, to the loss of the United States Treasury of millions of dollars. Surely if there is any article of importance upon which the duty should be remorselessly collected, it is that of jewelry, a passion for which has so widely developed since our late civil war.

I am sorry to say that there has fallen under my notice at the Spas, as in Paris, evidence of the truth of the saying at the clubs in London, and even in print, "that introductions to American ladies are dispensable," and that "a little impudence is all that is necessary in making their acquaintance." Prompted oftentimes, doubtless, by pure similitude and the wish not to seem insensible to courtesies, our fair country-women unwittingly give encouragement to impertinence, and ere they are aware, find themselves committed to a bowing and spiking acquaintance with persons they know nothing about; and who, too late, they discover to be disreputable adventurers. But, alas! there is another class of American ladies who "see no harm in being polite and civil to gentlemen who are willing to show them attentions, even if they have not been presented in the regular way." This we hold to be a fatal error. If such things are proper in good society at home, which I deny, surely they cannot be defended in Europe, where the test and criterion is strict conformity to the known laws of the best circles; and a good argument for my position is, that these adventurous foreigners never, or rarely, attempt any but American ladies, who have unfortunately acquired for themselves this undesirable reputation for approachableness. It is ordinarily commences in the railway cars, or at the *table-de-hotel*, by the tender of those trifling offices which are always at hand for a predetermined importunity. A true gentleman is never oblivious of his duty to the gentler sex, but he makes no selfish use of his privilege, and deems the slight interchange of civilities as no warrant or groundwork for future recognition. It is like a balloon acquaintance, which ends with the occasion; but our American ladies seem bent to have their heads turned by these smooth-tongued idlers about Europe, especially if they chance to affix a title to their names. That they are the exception I am glad to say, but still there is much cause of regret that they have furnished material for the light remarks often indulged in for my countrywomen.

"And where did you make the acquaintance of Mr. C., the person you introduced to me last evening at the *promenade*?" said I to Mrs. B., an American lady of the proudest and oldest stock.

"Oh, we met first at Baden, in an odd kind of a way.

He is in the best society in London, and knows many of my friends in England."

"Pardon me, my dear Mrs. B., but you remind me of Dazzie, in 'London Assurance,'" who claimed kinship with every fashionable person named in his presence!

Confess now, you picked him up and are using him in a way that you would severely criticize in another woman, and moreover, that you know nothing whatever of the man! But I do! and told the fellow last night, after you had gone home, that if I saw him here again, I would publicly denounce him as a petty swindler."

Mrs. B. was furious with me, but her English friend

has not kept his appointment with her to-day, and by to-morrow she will have forgiven me. The fellow is bankrupt in character and estate, and dares not return to London for fear of the criminal law.

And there is the case of pretty Miss C., sacrificed to Prince T., who had shown himself an incorrigible scoundrel, all through this reckless habit of making acquaintances in an irregular way. And Miss H., too, whom I referred to in another letter, was foisted out of nearly fifty thousand francs by a penniless Italian prince, after she had declined, as a condition of his marrying her, to turn over to him her entire estate.

Really, it is quite sickening to relate the scandalous tales of American ladies, all growing out of this disregard of the proper rules of making acquaintances.

I met the old Lord Clarendon to-day, and surely there is something in physiognomy, for we well present the type of his eccentric friends in that tall, lank figure, thin, cadaverous face, and deep-sunken eyes.

You will remember how much mischief and misrepresentation he did as a member of Lord Russell's Cabinet during our civil war. He is the last man that an American would suspect of being a John Bull, for though one encounters in England the most opposite breeds of human beings, all claiming "to be of the manor born," yet this Lord C. is so like to our reconstructed friends of Lennons and Arkansas, that it would seem in very truth that he is of a common branch with them; and though his hostility to the Union was shared by all the English aristocracy, for in the triumph of democratic republicanism they saw the coming doom of privileged caste, yet this Lord C. is so like to our reconstructed friends of Lennons and Arkansas, that it would seem in very truth that he is of a common branch with them; and though his hostility to the Union was shared by all the English aristocracy, for in the triumph of democratic republicanism they saw the coming doom of privileged caste,

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The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated European Press.—See PAGE 117.



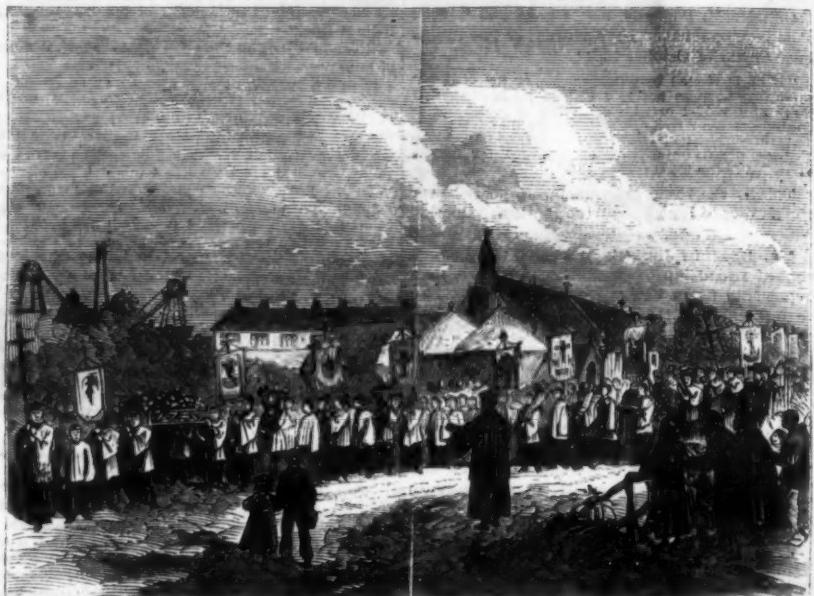
THE REVOLUTION IN SPAIN—SCENE ON THE PLAZA DE LA CONSTITUCION, BARCELONA, OCT. 1ST.



THE FUNERAL OF COUNT WALEWSKI, AT PARIS, FRANCE—THE CORTEGE LEAVING THE CHURCH OF THE MADELEINE.



THE REVOLUTION IN SPAIN—THE INSURGENTS AT CADIZ ON THEIR WAY TO TAKE POSSESSION OF THE SHIPS IN THE HARBOR.



THE RECENT RITUALISTIC FESTIVAL AT HAYDOCK, ENGLAND—THE PROCESSION.



THE FLOODS IN INDIA—SCENE IN THE STREETS OF BOMBAY.



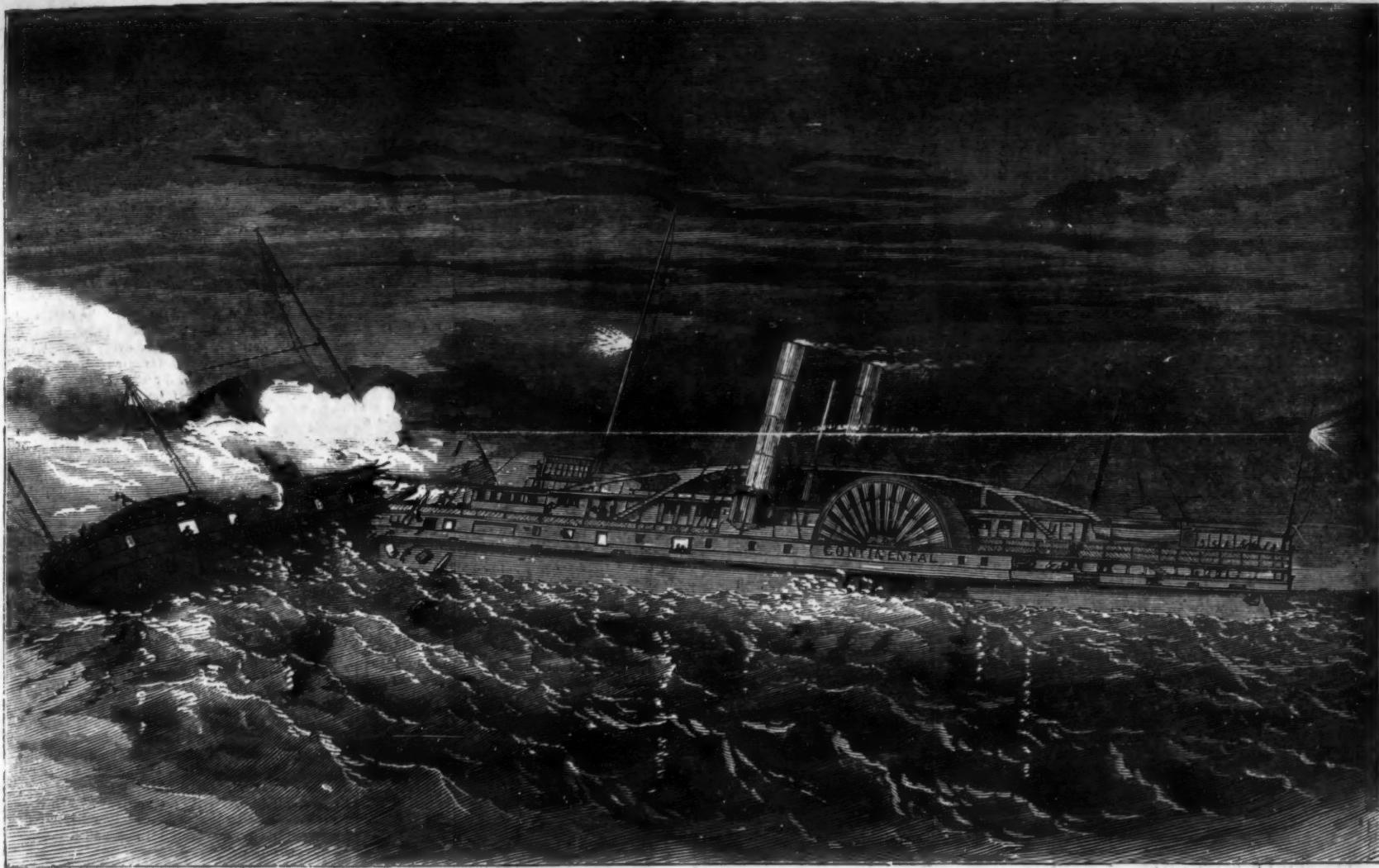
THE JEWS' QUARTER, AMSTERDAM, HOLLAND.



THE CITY OF CADIZ, SPAIN.



NATURAL BREAKWATER AND HARBOR AT NELSON, NEW ZEALAND.



THE STEAMBOAT COLLISION ON LONG ISLAND SOUND, FRIDAY, OCTOBER 23—THE PROPELLER NORTHAMPTON CUT IN TWAIN BY THE BOW OF THE STEAMER CONTINENTAL.—SEE PAGE 119.

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE ILLUSTRATED  
EUROPEAN PRESS.

**The Revolution in Spain—Cadiz—The Insurgents on their Way to Take Possession of the Ships in the Harbor—Scene in Barcelona.**

Several of the old cities of Spain have come into prominence again, and are likely to have new features of interest added to their already notable history, from their connection with the recent insurrection against the last of the Bourbon monarchs. Foremost among these places Cadiz, a fortified city, where the movement began by the revolt of the fleet. The city is situated on the Atlantic Ocean, at the extremity of a

peninsula, the narrow isthmus of which forms an immense bay. Cadiz is a fortress of the first order, is surrounded by walls and defended by batteries, and, being on an elevated site, and built of white stone, it has a beautiful appearance from the sea. We give a view of the city, and also an engraving representing the insurgents on their way to take possession of the ships in the harbor. We give still another illustration of the revolution in Spain, representing a scene in Barcelona on the 1st of October, when the insurgents marched in triumphal procession through the streets.

**The Floods in India—Scene in the Streets of Bombay.**

The recent floods in India have caused sad havoc. At Bombay, where the rain came down in torrents on

Sunday, August 23rd, the lower parts of the city were flooded, and people waded up to their breasts in water through the streets. Both lines of railway were made impassable, and four columns of the bridge over the Nerubudda were carried away.

**The Funeral of Count Walewski, Member of the Privy Council of France—The Corset Leaving the Church of the Madeleine, Paris.**

The obsequies of His Excellency Count Colonna Walewski were celebrated on Saturday, October 2d, with great pomp, at the Church of the Madeleine, at Paris. In the middle of the church, which was draped with

At noon precisely, the body, which had been lying in the vaults of the church, was brought into the nave, and the Mass commenced. Deputations from the Senate, the Legislative body, the Council of State, the Imperial Court, and other public institutions, were assembled. The Emperor was represented by his Chamberlain and one of his Aides-de-camp, General Fleury. The members of the Privy Council were all present to render the last tribute of respect to their late colleague. A great number of military and naval officers of high rank assisted at the ceremony. At the conclusion of the exercises in the church, the coffin was carried out and placed on the funeral car, drawn by six horses. Afterward came three servants bearing the insignia of the deceased, then came his car-



PARIS FASHIONS FOR AUTUMN.—SEE PAGE 119.

riage and the members of his household, followed by General Fleury and a Chamberlain in state carriages. Some of the highest dignitaries of the Empire acted as pall-bearers, and, following the car, made several detachments of the army of Paris, mounted and on foot, with funeral music. An immense crowd of spectators assembled along the line of procession. Count Walewski was buried at the cemetery of Père la Chaise, where the Marquis de Moustier delivered a funeral oration at his grave.

#### The Recent Ritualistic Festival at Haydock, England—The Procession.

A harvest-home festival was recently celebrated at the Church of St. James the Great, at Haydock, in Lancashire, the exercises of which have occasioned considerable excitement in the ecclesiastical circles of England. A procession, made up of little boys clad in scarlet tunics under white surplices, a large party of singing men with blue hoods, the cross-bearer, deacons and officiating priests, paraded the streets in the vicinity of the church. Huge baskets of flowers were borne on the men's shoulders, gorgeous banners were displayed at regular intervals along the ranks, and a brass band furnished the music. These demonstrations were considered dangerous to the welfare of the Church, while the subsequent services within the sanctuary were characterized as being a direct insult to the State.

#### The Jews' Quarter, Amsterdam, Holland.

It is the custom to call Amsterdam the Venice of the North, on account of its canals; with a good reason might it be called Little Jerusalem, on account of its population. As oil floats on the water, so the Jewish population seems to swim upon the surface. None else apparently is seen or heard. Its twenty-thousand throats make more noise than the rest of the one hundred and ninety-eight thousand Hollanders in Amsterdam. They are found everywhere, those children of Israel, gesticulating, bargaining, on the wharves, in the streets, doing all kinds of work, selling and buying, touching anything and profiting by everything. Our engraving represents the quarter in Amsterdam where these active and intelligent denizens of the old city most congregate.

#### Natural Breakwater and Harbor at Nelson, New Zealand.

The town and port of Nelson, in the Southern Island of New Zealand, is situated at the head of Blind Bay, and the harbor, which is perfectly safe, and capable of receiving the largest ships, is formed by a natural breakwater. It extends eight miles along the coast, to which it is joined at one end and runs round in an irregular curve to wit in one hundred yards of the other horn of the bay. It consists of rounded pebbles or boulders of a kind of syenite. The stones abound with shell-fish and sea-urchins.

#### UNITY IS GLORY.

(Written for the tune of "Lauriger," and dedicated to the Boys in Blue.)

Upward, from a nation's heart,  
Mighty chords are swelling,  
Upward rolls the clarion song,  
Thus its burden telling:  
    Fling the starry banner out,  
    With its blazoned story,  
    Let our loyal watchword be  
    Unity is glory!  
  
Hydra-headed treason flatters  
    In our face its warning;  
Forward! every patriot heart,  
    Days of peace are dawning.  
    Fling the starry banner out, etc.  
  
From the blue New England hills,  
    True to fame and honor,  
Proudly now Columbia calls,  
    Victory waits upon her.  
    Fling the starry banner out, etc.  
  
From the daisy-covered mounds,  
    Where our dead are sleeping,  
Heroes sternly bid her guard  
    What they died in keeping!  
    Fling the starry banner out, etc.  
  
Shall we bear less spotless shield  
    Than our brave defenders?  
Shame upon the dastard hand  
    Who their cause surrenders!  
    Fling the starry banner out, etc.  
  
By the blood so freely shed,  
    By the flag we cherish,  
Comrades, we will win the day  
    Gloriously, or perish!  
    Fling the starry banner out,  
    With its blazoned story,  
    Let our loyal watchword be  
    Unity is Glory!

#### VIERGIE.

BY MARIO UCHARD.

ALTHOUGH there might be nothing more than mere simple curiosity in Vierge's questions as to my relations with Genevieve—curiosity natural in a young girl, concerning that great mystery of life called love—still this conversation left me in great trouble. It compelled me to look things straight in the face, and I could no longer dismiss from my mind an idea that had often come to me before, but which I had persisted in casting aside, as if I would blind myself so as not to see the precipice toward which I felt that I was being dragged. This agitation, this bitter irony, these sudden changes of temper, all of which I had tried to explain as being merely the manifestations of the strange humor of a spoiled child, were suddenly revealed to my eyes under a new aspect. I remembered a thousand incidents concerning which I had tried to deceive myself. It was not the first time that Vierge had questioned me as to my affection for Genevieve. I remembered our meetings before she entered the chateau, when she had plainly shown how much the idea of a marriage between my cousin and myself had occupied her mind.

"All this so exactly resembled the torment of jealousy, that I was dismayed at the conflict of feelings which this discovery produced in me. I realized too well the power that Vierge had over me, not to understand the real danger of a

secret intrigue. Yet the thought that I was, perhaps, loved, caused me such joy, that, on returning to the chateau, I sought solitude to calm the disorder of my thoughts.

I could no longer conceal from myself that, after this explanation, the attitude I might assume toward Vierge would decide the future, and perhaps entangle me in a path strewn with rocks. If my suspicions were true, could I resist the charm? If she discovered the ardent love she had awakened in me, would it not encourage her in her dreams?

The least imprudence on my part would force from me a reparation which I dared not even glance at without terror, and which was nothing less than marriage with the daughter of Marulas! However determined we may be to blind ourselves as to feelings which we do not wish to acknowledge, there are moments when the soul acts and thinks in spite of our will. I am free to confess that I had, at times, entertained this mad idea, but I must say, in self-justification, that my reason immediately rose up in revolt against such a fall to my pride.

To make Vierge my wife, after what had passed between us, appeared to me to be the greatest possible weakness. However innocent she might be in my eyes, I knew that she did not possess that virginity of soul, without which there is no genuine purity. There are first impressions which are never effaced. It could not seriously enter my mind to accept as my betrothed a young girl who had once been almost given up to my desires; who had visited me at my own house in the night, ready to yield under the fatal despondency of wretchedness. That imagination, designedly perverted, and, so to say, prepared for the end that Marulas had in view, frightened me like an abyss. What could there remain of chastity in that ardent soul, already initiated in the corruptions of the world—in the delirium of unhealthy passion, which had irritated her senses and depoiled her still guileless heart? What was there of virtue in the beauty of this superb Olympia, who seemed to be specially created for intoxication and voluptuousness? There are feelings from which we can never recover. It is, perhaps, a strange anomaly, but true in all its inconsistency, and of which we see numerous examples. I could love Vierge as one of those mistresses for whom we are ready to sacrifice fortune, or even life, for whom we could even become criminal, but to whom we dare not give our name.

The result of these reflections was, that when I saw her again in the drawing-room, and she approached me with a bright countenance, I greeted her with such reserve, she believed something wrong must have occurred.

"What is the matter?" said she, in a tone of astonishment.

"Nothing," I replied, embarrassed in spite of myself.

Genevieve's presence fortunately caused some diversion from my embarrassment, but Vierge could not fail to notice my constraint toward her. This sudden coolness was so strange, after the conversation we had so lately had together, that she could not conceal her surprise. I was confounded by her glance, which seemed to question me with astonishment. I could not help thinking that a single word on my part might compromise the future—I was afraid.

There are moments in our lives when our destiny is decided by a word, by a gesture. When I was taking my leave in the evening, I stopped on the threshold to speak to Genevieve.

On descending the front steps, I found myself face to face with Vierge. Although it was quite dark, I saw that her face was agitated and her eyes gleamed.

"You lied to me!" she exclaimed, in a bitter tone. "You do love her!"

And before I had recovered from my surprise, she had disappeared.

#### XIII.

THE next day, on arriving at the chateau, after a sleepless night, my aunt informed me that she had received a letter from a relation of Madame de Senozan, Sir Clarence O'Brien, who had been at Aix since the day before; he announced to her his intention of visiting La Morniere, where he hoped to spend a few days.

I had already heard my aunt and Genevieve mention this gentleman's name, when speaking of Martinique. I knew that Sir Clarence was the son of a female cousin of Madame de Senozan's, who had married an Irish officer, and who had had a common interest in that famous inheritance which had come so unexpectedly, and so *apropos* as to save the marquis from ruin. I also knew that Sir Clarence had, during these late years, traveled in the colonies, where he had remained my uncle's guest. There was, therefore, nothing to be surprised at in this intended visit; and yet I fancied, from the tone in which the marchioness announced it, that she was not altogether pleased, and I allowed my suspicion to be seen.

"It is true," said she, with some embarrassment, "this visit troubles me. I hoped to avoid coming to an explanation with Sir Clarence relative to a proposal on his part, which he comes, doubtless, to bring about."

"Am I permitted to know what is the nature of this proposal, and whether I may not be able to be of some use to you in the matter?" I asked.

"It is precisely because I wish to make you my confidant that I speak on the subject," she replied; "for it concerns my daughter's welfare."

"Does it amount to an engagement, or merely permission to pay his addresses?"

"No; things have not reached that point yet, or at least officially, since all that has transpired was entirely unknown to Genevieve, who was then only seventeen years of age. Sir Clarence is not ignorant that although Monsieur de Senozan favored his intentions, I was opposed to them. It was for this reason that I had hoped he had dismissed the matter from his mind; but I fear he comes to La Morniere to renew his proposals."

"Have you any good reasons to refuse to entertain them?"

"Oh; I know nothing to his detriment," returned my aunt; "you will see him; he is good-looking, and his fortune is about equal to our own. My opposition is doubtless unjust, but I cannot conquer it. There is in Sir Clarence's character, in his manner, in his conversation, a kind of coldness which freezes me, and terrifies me when I think of Genevieve's unreserved disposition. At the thought that she would have to live alone with him on some estate in the most remote part of Ireland, I feel that she would be lost. Perhaps in all this there is only the natural fear of a mother who dreads to be separated from her daughter. Be that as it may, I determined to inform you of the facts, that you may observe Sir Clarence closely, and form an opinion respecting him. You will then be able to give me your advice in case his visit should be for the purpose I suspect."

"Are you certain that Genevieve knows nothing of her father's projects with respect to her, and that she has no attachment for Sir Clarence?"

"Oh, she is ignorant of everything." At that moment Genevieve entered. I made a sign to the marchioness to tell the news. She understood me.

"My darling," said she, "I have received a letter from Sir Clarence. He arrives here to-morrow, and we shall have to entertain him for a few days."

"Indeed!" returned Genevieve, in a tone expressing only surprise. "It will prove a very unfortunate occurrence for the poor fish. Jean, prepare yourself to behold the most indefatigable fabrierman in the three united kingdoms."

"You see!" said the marchioness to me, in a whisper.

I had expected to find in Vierge some evidence of her wounded pride; but such was not the case; she received me almost joyously. Still, under the ease of manner she affected, I detected secret resentment, which increased my embarrassment.

I felt myself in such a difficult and dangerous situation, that I thought I might soon be obliged to leave Chazol. When I offered her my hand, as I had to Genevieve, she looked astonished at me; but perceiving that I expected she should take it, she did so.

"I thought it was another misunderstanding," said she, ironically.

The next day, about noon, a carriage stopped before the entrance to the chateau. I recognized at the first glance one of the British aristocracy—the perfect gentleman. He only said one word to his servant, who had jumped down from behind the carriage. He was then ushered by a servant to the drawing-room.

Sir Clarence is a young man from twenty-five to twenty-seven years of age. He is very fair, with hair approaching red. He is tall and well made, his bearing shows the training of a sportsman, and leads you immediately to the decision that he would be equally at home in the hunting-field, or as stroke-oar in a racing-boat. His features are regular and harmonious, and the expression is one of manly gentleness, showing a persevering and reflective disposition. His eyes are pale blue, but very intelligent and expressive, and his whole appearance is that of a man who knows that he is the representative of a great fortune and a great name.

My aunt introduced us to each other. He greeted me with an air of reserve, which, however, became more cordial when he learned that I was Madame de Senozan's nephew. He then asked for Genevieve.

"I hear her coming now," replied my aunt.

At the same moment the door opened.

On perceiving Genevieve, Sir Clarence took a step toward her, but stopped suddenly, hesitating and confused at the sight of Vierge, who entered at the same time.

"Oh!" said he, in that inimitable phlegmatic tone customary with the English, and which expresses astonishment so admirably. He then stood undecided between them.

A burst of laughter from my cousin removed his hesitation.

"Excuse me, mademoiselle," said he; "I was not aware that you had a sister."

"Mademoiselle Vierge, my adopted daughter," said my aunt, quickly.

He bowed, Vierge did the same, and the introduction over, a conversation followed between Genevieve, my aunt and Sir Clarence, concerning the events that had occurred since their departure from Martinique. They spoke in that familiar tone which showed that their intimacy had been of a most friendly character. From Genevieve's manner and her questions, I learned that she saw in Sir Clarence an amiable companion in various pleasure parties, but nothing more.

The conversation soon became general. We spoke of La Provence, which Sir Clarence had never visited before. I gave him various details concerning the country. While listening to me with that ease natural to him, he did not take his eyes off Vierge, and I guessed his astonishment at beholding this strange young girl, whom he had confounded with Genevieve.

It was naturally reserved for me to assist Madame de Senozan in doing the honors of La Morniere. Dinner broke the ice a little, and after that repast, I took Sir Clarence into the park to smoke a cigar. We spoke of hunting and shooting, those eternal subjects so convenient for persons who have a dearth of topics for conversation. At the proposition of a batteau for the next day, his natural reserve melted, and he grew communicative.

He informed me that he had come from Italy, and that he was about to sail in his yacht to the furthest extremity of Norway, on the coast of Lapland. He had secured a house on the margin of a lake, which he had hired for fishing and wild-duck shooting. He pressed me to visit him there, as it were a few hours' journey.

We started back toward the house.

"I suppose Mademoiselle Vierge," said he, without any pause in his conversation, "is a relative of Madame de Senozan's?"

"She is an orphan adopted by her," I returned, changing the question a little.

"Ah!" he returned, in a calm tone; "then she has no relations?"

"None other than those she finds under Madame de Senozan's protection."

"Ah! Thank you," said he. And we re-entered the chateau.

#### XIV.

SIR CLARENCE'S arrival brought about a truce between Vierge and myself. Madame de Senozan's delicate health rendered the chateau rather dull for a stranger, however short his visit might be.

I was therefore obliged to fulfill the duties of hospitality by organizing some hunting parties, which consumed a portion of every day. With the exception of his characteristic reserve, which he rarely broke through, Sir Clarence was a very agreeable companion. If he spoke but little, he spoke to the point, which is in my opinion a very meritorious quality. I soon perceived that his apparent apathy was owing to a habit he had of reflecting upon every subject before speaking, which, so far from being opposed to decision of character, gave him, on the contrary, quiet strength, for he always measured the effort required to overcome any difficulty.

With respect to my aunt's opinion as to the end he had in view in visiting La Morniere, I tried to discover his feelings toward Genevieve, but I soon found that he was impenetrable on this subject. At the chateau his circumspection was not less marked. He maintained toward the two young ladies a tone of cold politeness and elegance which he never abandoned, only he treated Vierge with so much respect and consideration, that I could not help admiring his tact, so graceful and courteous.

"You have made a conquest of Sir Clarence," said Genevieve to Vierge, one day, laughing.

"Oh!" replied Vierge, ironically imitating the familiar exclamation of the Irish gentleman. "I am too unpretending a girl for the prince of foxes, as you call him. What do you say?" she continued, turning to me with that haughty air of coquetry and railing which I felt had a hostile intention.

"Sir Clarence will tell you better than I can," I replied, irritated by her tone.

"You are right," she answered, her eyes gleaming with anger at my reply; "I thank you for your advice."

Genevieve only saw in this one of those puerile disagreements for which she often rallied us.

I soon remarked a change in Vierge's bearing toward Sir Clarence, as if she wished to defy me by provoking attentions which up to that time she had received as the simple tribute of sympathy from a courteous guest.

I laughed at first at her coquetry, but I soon found, notwithstanding my resolution, that I was less insensible than I liked to acknowledge.

One evening we were all in the drawing-room, Sir Clarence engaged in a game of chess with the marchioness, while the two young girls were at the piano. Vierge sang the *Acé Maria* of Gonnod, accompanied by Genevieve. At the first strain of this melody, and of that feeling and passionate voice, Sir Clarence raised his head with an expression of surprise, and listened attentively.

"I have never heard singing like that before, mademoiselle," said he; "would you be kind enough to sing that over again?"

She acceded to his request, laughing, and a little intimidated by his praise. He never moved his eyes from her, evidently captivated by the expression of her lovely face. After the last words had passed her lips, he remained absorbed, contemplating her in silence; then taking her hand, he repeated:

"No! I have never heard such singing before. Thank you, mademoiselle."

And he went back to his seat.

Vierge, proud of her success, turned to me.

"Have I succeeded this time in giving your idea of the right expression?" she asked, in a tone half of ridicule.

I do not know why I felt such bitter irritation.

"After Sir Clarence's praise, my opinion can be of no consequence," I exclaimed, in a careless tone.

At these words she cast an almost malignant look on me. I returned home agitated by terrible emotion. I hated myself for the torment I felt, and to which I was obliged to give its proper name.

It was jealousy that was eating away my heart.

Several days passed away; my relation with Vierge became more embittered. She seemed to enjoy my pain, and redoubled her coquetry. One morning I learned that Sir Clarence had gone to Marseilles, where he was summoned on some business matter, and that he would not return until the evening. Vierge was indisposed, and did not appear.

This was certainly a very simple incident, and yet I thought it was a plan concerted between them. It was absurd, and yet I suffered the whole day from it.

The next day, on arriving at La Morniere, I found no one in the drawing-room. A servant informed me that Sir Clarence was in the park with Genevieve and Vierge. I was about to join them, when a message came from my aunt, bidding me go to her. I immediately obeyed the summons.

"Something new has occurred," said she, as soon as I entered her apartment. "Have you seen Sir Clarence this morning?"

"No.

my room to-day, begged me to receive him. I thought at first that he wished to bid me adieu, and that he was going to leave us, but the first words he uttered showed me that it was something much more serious. He referred to the proposal agreed to between him and M. de Senozan, with respect to Genevieve. 'I know, madame, he added, 'that this proposition was never approved of by you, and I can find no fault with such maternal prudence as Miss Genevieve's age then justified. I could only submit and wait. Still, while respecting your will, I felt myself bound in a measure until you had given me a final reply to a demand which was already approved of by my cousin, M. de Senozan.'

"It was difficult," added my aunt, "to refuse this offer, for Sir Clarence is not one of those men that can be put off with vain pretenses. I told him frankly, while doing justice to his character, of my fears that between him and Genevieve there was not that conformity of habits and thoughts that would alone secure the happiness of both. This decision did not seem to surprise him; he asked me if he might form another attachment without his conduct appearing offensive to me."

"Certainly," I replied, astonished; "and, believe me, no one will rejoice more in your happiness."

"Then," resumed my aunt, "Sir Clarence confided to me, with considerable emotion, that since his arrival at La Morniere he had been struck with Vierge, and that he had resolved, if I would give my consent, to make her his wife."

"Vierge!" I exclaimed, thunderstruck. "Sir Clarence has made a demand for her hand?"

"In the most formal manner."

"And what reply did you make?"

"I received this most unexpected offer with a reserve which you can well understand. Sir Clarence begged me to acquaint Vierge with the state of his feelings. We advanced no further than this. Still, before speaking to Vierge on the subject, Sir Clarence must be informed of everything concerning the family the law assigns her to, and the truth of the name she bears. It was a delicate point which I dared not enter upon. He doubtless supposed that her origin is one that could be boldly avowed. I rely upon you to explain matters to him."

I was overwhelmed by this strange news.

"But if he should accept the situation?" said I, terrified at the thought that in that event Vierge would be irrevocably lost to me.

"I cannot help hoping," returned my aunt, "Sir Clarence possesses fixed principles, and disdains somewhat the prejudices of the world. He is a man, I think, who will consult only his own heart in his choice of a wife. Vierge is worthy of him. I confess that I should be very happy if she would return his love, for I could never obtain for her a more brilliant future."

At these words, the justness of which I thoroughly realized, I experienced such a painful shock, that I could scarcely conceal my emotion. I recalled to mind the events of the last few days, that extreme coquetry which I had only considered to be an act of defiance for my rudeness and the puerile vengeance of wounded pride. Was not Sir Clarence's proceeding the result of an agreement between them? Perhaps she loved him? At this simple thought everything revolved around me, and I experienced a sudden vertigo of terror, as if this love of Vierge for another was shameful treachery, suddenly breaking the bonds which united our two souls; as if the past had given me right over her, and that she was not free to decide as to her future without my consent.

I could not, however, refuse compliance with my aunt's request. I must continue this insane contest between my heart and my reason to the very end, even if it were to cost me my life. Besides, it was impossible to avoid an explanation with Sir Clarence, even for a single day.

I resolved to see him at once, and I left the marchioness to seek him in the park.

When I reached the hedge bordering the lake, I perceived a boat gliding on the water under the shade of the willows.

Vierge and Genevieve were seated in the stern, while Sir Clarence rowed. I heard them laughing and jesting, which increased my bad humor. On seeing me, they made a sign for me to join them; a moment afterward the boat touched the bank close to where I stood.

"Honor to whom honor is due!" said Genevieve, gayly. "Commodore, you must take the helm."

Vierge never even glanced at me. We had scarcely left the beach, before she resumed the conversation which had been commenced before I entered the boat.

"Really, Sir Clarence," said she, "the mountains of Ireland must be splendid, at the same time grand and decked with verdure. I should, I am sure, love your country with all its wild legends."

"You would, perhaps, be disenchanted," replied Sir Clarence; "but we Irish have an ardent love for our poor country. Her desolation and her miseries make us cling to it in spite of ourselves, perhaps more so than if abundance and prosperity reigned. It is oppression that excites this feeling of pure patriotism."

"Is the Irish language very difficult?" asked Vierge.

"Vierge, you must be dreaming of Ossian," said Genevieve, laughing.

I experienced a bitter feeling of annoyance, and I hastened to change the conversation. I could not misunderstand this sudden admiration for Sir Clarence's country. Perhaps it was uttered with a deeper design than for the purpose of irritating me.

After rowing round the lake several times, we landed near the chateau. Then making an excuse for taking Sir Clarence to his room, I asked him to show me a newly invented rifle which he had been telling me about a day or two before.

"As soon as we entered his room, he questioned me with a glance, saying:

"You wish to speak to me?"

"Yes," I returned.

He offered me a chair, and lighting a cigar, waited for me to speak. It seemed to me that he detected the agitation I felt under my affected calmness.

"Madame, the Marchioness de Senozan, begged me to hold this conversation with you respecting a proposal you made her this morning."

"Concerning Mademoiselle Vierge?"

"Exactly; and of the honorable offer you have made regarding her."

"Does Madame de Senozan refuse to entertain my proposal?"

"She can only refer it to Mademoiselle Vierge for her decision; before doing so, however, the marchioness desires that I should make a very serious communication to you, namely, the exact situation of this young lady at La Morniere."

"I am aware that she has no fortune."

"It is not on that point that I have to speak, for Madame de Senozan will settle about her dower. The explanations I have to give you are simply those relative to her family."

"I am already informed on that point," retorted Sir Clarence. "Mademoiselle Vierge is an orphan. Her mother was a woman of this neighborhood, called La Mariasse, who died a few months since. Her stepfather is a certain man, named Marulas."

"What?" I exclaimed; "you know already that—"

"I have seen Monsieur Marulas," interrupted Sir Clarence.

"You have seen him! Is he here?"

"Oh! no," he returned, as calm and collected as possible. "I went to Marseilles to see him the other day. It was he who informed me that Mademoiselle Vierge was formerly under his protection. He also confided to me another story, from which it seems, and is generally known, that Mademoiselle Vierge is the natural daughter of my cousin, Monsieur de Senozan. But I pay no attention whatever to this statement, which will not alter my intentions in any way."

I was thunderstruck at these words.

"Is that all he told you?" I asked, trying to read his thoughts through his eyes.

"That is all. Have you any other communication to make me?"

"None other," I returned, maintaining the reserve which the marchioness thought it prudent to observe.

"I thank you," he added, "and beg that you will reiterate my proposal to Madame de Senozan. The fact of Mademoiselle Vierge being without family or fortune is, in my eyes, an advantage. I esteem her character. She has qualities of mind to which the most brilliant position in the world would add nothing. I would think it an honor could I win her to be my wife, and my sole desire is that she will accept me. I know nothing that prevents a gentleman from marrying a poor young girl when she is worthy of his respect. At least unless you see some obstacle."

"I have no right or voice in this matter," I replied, a little dryly.

"Excuse me," he returned. "I spoke thus, because I understood from Monsieur Marulas that you had, perhaps, the right to give advice, for he advised me to speak to you, as well as to Madame de Senozan. I am very glad that the marchioness has taken you into her confidence with respect to my intentions. I thus feel myself doubly secure, for I am sure that you would inform me if there were any obstacles to a marriage between me and Mademoiselle Vierge. With respect to my own affairs, I am ready to give any information that may be deemed necessary."

I have no inquiries to make, sir, nor have I any right to offer an opinion as to the propriety of a marriage between you and Mademoiselle Vierge. Madame de Senozan and you must be the only judges on that point. The marchioness requested me to inform you as to Mademoiselle Vierge's exact position here. My mission is superfluous, I perceive, since you already know all. It only remains for me to convey to her your despatch."

"In that case, sir, I beg that you will do me the favor to solicit the marchioness to grant a last request on my part. I do not wish Mademoiselle Vierge to decide this question without consulting her heart. I leave here to-morrow, and whether her feelings toward me are favorable or unfavorable, information on this subject might cause the young lady some embarrassment in my presence. I shall therefore be very much obliged to Madame de Senozan if she will not mention the matter to her until after my departure. I wish Mademoiselle Vierge to think the matter over thoroughly before receiving me as her betrothed. I shall remain a week in Paris for her reply."

**The Steamboat Collision on Long Island Sound, Friday Morning, October 23d—The Propeller Northampton Cut in Twain by the Bow of the Steamer Continental.**

ABOUT eleven o'clock on Thursday night, Oct. 23d, the steamer Continental left her dock at New Haven, bound for New York, and by one o'clock Friday morning, was about five miles off the port, she sighted the propeller Northampton, which left this port at six o'clock on Thursday evening. The Continental was going very nearly at full speed, heading southwest by south, and the propeller was making her best time, running east northeast for the harbor.

Instead of sounding the proper whistles, and keeping directly on her course, thus being able to pass the steamer in safety, the propeller suddenly sheered off, and attempted to cross the steamer's bow.

The pilot of the Continental, seeing the propeller's manœuvre, immediately signaled the engineer to reverse the engine, but the vessel being under full head of steam, the headway could not be checked in time, and the boats came together with a terrible shock. The bow of the Continental struck the North-

ampton on the port side, just abaft midships, and nearly severed her in twain.

The passengers of both vessels were thrown into the wildest terror by the shock of the collision. Nearly all of those who rallied to rest were thrown from their berths by the violence of the concussion, and dashed against the walls and flooring of their rooms. Those yet in the saloon, and the few who were on deck, were hurled from their seats, and hardly one escaped without some slight injury. The men clattered to know what had happened, women and children shrieked in affright, and the poor sufferers, who were scalded amid the hissing steam, which was rushing furiously from the broken pipe and filling the compartments of the Northampton, called pitifully for help. No sooner did the passengers and crew of the Continental discover that their vessel was not seriously damaged than they jumped on board the Northampton, and labored gallantly in extricating the poor sufferers who were wedged in the debris.

The following particulars of the catastrophe are given by Mr. James L. Amaden, of Westfield, Mass., who was a passenger on the Continental:

When they first sighted the boats were heading pretty nearly direct for each other. The whistles were sounded simultaneously; but the signal being misunderstood by the pilot of the propeller, he attempted to cross the bow of the Continental, which was keeping on its direct course, under full head of steam. The boats were close together, and after this bungling manœuvre, it became apparent that a collision was inevitable. The pilot of the Continental immediately signaled the engineer to reverse the engine, but the headway of the large vessel could not be checked. The bow of the Continental struck the Northampton on her side, crushing clean through the staterooms. As the bow of the first named steamer crushed the upper works of the Northampton, the steampipe of the latter vessel was severed, and the steam gushing out, filled the hold and staterooms. The engineer of the propeller was scalded, and a number of passengers, whose names could not be learned in the confusion incident to so terrible an affair, suffered similar but less severe injuries. All who could be found after a diligent search were taken off, the engineer being found at his post in a dying condition. On a hasty investigation being made, it was found that the Northampton was in a sinking condition, being only held above the surface of the water by hanging a dead weight on the bow of the Continental, which was still closely wedged into her hull and upper works.

The bow of the Continental struck the stateroom occupied by Miss Carrie E. Brown, of Brooklyn, and crushed completely through the apartment. On recovering from the confusion occasioned by being so rudely awakened from her slumbers, the young lady found herself wedged so tightly in one corner of the compartment, that she was unable to move. Hearing her cries of distress, some of the passengers of the Continental succeeded in penetrating to the spot and releasing her by cutting a hole through the wall. Miss Brown is a charming and accomplished young girl of about eighteen summers. Her escape from being crushed to death in her berth is almost miraculous and extraordinary to relate. She did not receive even the slightest scratch or bruise. She recovered her composure almost immediately on being released, and did not seem to realize the extent of the danger through which she had been so wonderfully preserved.

The Northampton was a comparatively new vessel, having been built in 1866. She was 160 feet long, 30 feet in breadth, and 10 feet in the hold.

The Continental measured 300 feet in length, 38 in breadth, and is rated at 1,200 tons burden. Considering the tremendous shock given and received in the collision, the damage sustained by the Continental is astonishingly slight.

The engineer of the Northampton, Mr. Black, a fireman, and a colored waiter, were the only ones found to have sustained serious injuries. The wounded were landed at New Haven, where they will receive medical care, and the Continental then started at three o'clock in the morning for the trip to this city.

#### PARIS FASHIONS FOR AUTUMN.

AS THE change in the weather is now sufficiently marked for the autumn fashions to declare themselves, it is generally understood that tartans, in all their more brilliant combinations of color, are largely in favor. We have Watteau costumes composed of an under jupe of blue taffeta, over which is worn a looped-up robe of striped blue and white silk, trimmed with a bias of blue taffeta and a deep silk fringe. The skirt of this robe is open up the sides to the hips, the front of it forming a kind of tablier bordered with fringe, and ornamented up the centre with a row of blue silk buttons. Similar buttons are continued up the front of the high corsage, which is trimmed with a double bias in the form of a fichu, having small bows at its extremities, and fastening behind with a large bow, the long ends of which fall far below the upper skirt. The tight-fitting sleeves are trimmed transversely at the wrist, with a bias of taffeta and buttons matching those on the front of the corsage.

Another toilet has the under jupe, of green taffeta, trimmed with a series of vandyke flounces. The upper jupe, of black and green checkered taffeta, is bordered with silk fringe and looped up at the sides with bows of ribbon. The corsage, which has a double collar bordered with narrow fringe, has large lappets attached to it, forming a kind of mantelet. A toilet of black fayre, with two jupes, has the upper jupe caught up all round with rows of buttons and reversed in parts, so as to show a facing of violet-colored silk, which, as it were, separates the upper and under jupes.

The corsage and sleeves are trimmed with a bias of the same silk, the bottom of the under jupe being trimmed to correspond. The coiffure, of black and violet-colored silk, striped transversely, has a roseette formed of numerous small bows at the back of the waist. Bonnets will continue as small as ever. We have them in fluted blue satin, with a narrow black piping bordering the folds, and trimmed with buds of moss roses posed on a large black lace rosette. We have them also of lace and ribbon, with perfect bouquets of flowers posed at the side. Hats, however, will be in more general wear. These may be of all shapes, and trimmed with a variety of bows and ribbons, single flowers and feathers, velvet rosettes, long veils, and drooping wreaths. They should be worn low down over the forehead, so as to accommodate the chignon, over which a large ostrich feather may droop with a pleasing effect.

#### THE ILLUSTRATIONS.

Fig. 1. Under jupe of bright blue taffeta, trimmed at the bottom with several rows of maize-colored braid. The upper jupe, of brown silk, made without folds, and shaped into large vandykes at the bottom, where it is bordered by a bias, forms with the high corsage, a kind of coquettish, having a *petticoat* châtelaine, with a cinched pocket falling from a bow at the left side.

Chapeau of blue velvet, trimmed with large white feather.

Fig. 2. Robe à traine, of mauve taffeta, the corsage high, and the sleeves fitting tight in the arms. Over this is worn a sash of black lace, forming both tunic and cap, the latter being trimmed behind with a mauve ribbon bow. A loose sash to correspond, falls from the waist in front, and is fastened behind, half-way down the lace tunic, with a large bow. The chapeau is of black lace, trimmed with mauve flowers, and having narrow mauve satin strings which fasten under the chin.

Fig. 3. Robe of taffeta, of the *vin de Boeuf* shade. The under jupe is slightly à traine; the upper jupe, en tablier, is bordered by a deep *double flounce*, and raised high behind, whence the broad ends of the sack encircling the waist fall nearly to the bottom of the under skirt. The sleeves are tight. Over the rather low corsage a small black lace cap is worn, fastening in front with a bow of ribbon. The chapeau is formed of a tuft of flowers of the same color as the robe, surrounded by puffs of black lace. The broad black lace strings, which are united, fall behind over the shoulders.

Fig. 4. Evening dress of rose-colored taffeta, trimmed with broad bands of lace and ribbon insertions up the seams, and half way down the jupe, together with a broader border of lace and a plaited muslin flounce, beneath which is shown the plaited flounce of the rose-colored skirt. A casque Watteau, which is looped up in festoons at the bottom by large ribbon bows, is worn over the skirt and forms the corsage, which is trimmed with a band of plaited muslin, together with a small bow of rose-colored ribbon.

#### A SCENE IN MEXICO.

##### HOW BANDITI ROBBED A SPECIAL TRAIN.

THE San Antonio Express says: "A conducta from Monterey, containing ninety-four thousand Spanish dollars, belonging to the wealthy firm of Clausen & Co., of that city, was attacked on the night of the 23d of August last, within three miles of Matamoros, by a party of only five men. The train was captured, and fifteen of its sixteen defenders bound hand and foot, but afterward recaptured by the sixteenth man, who drove off the robbers after killing their leader, and then released his fifteen comrades. Here is the story by an eye-witness:

"The route from Monterey to Matamoros is over a level country, barren and unproductive, but infested with robbers and murderers, as the numerous crosses erected over the graves of murdered people at short intervals beside the road will testify. The party in charge of the conducta relaxed their vigil until on the night of the attack, when a longer march was made to reach a safe distance from the city. Here, in full view of its lights, and almost within sound of its drum, the train was turned off, a corral formed, and a camp made.

"Supper over and issues picked, the party gathered around the camp-fire to talk over the incidents of the trip, and of friends at home. As the conversation flagged, the party, one by one, made down their pallets around the fire and gave themselves up to sleep. Longrano Garcia, who was the last one to retire (there being no guard), took his blanket and laid down under a wagon.

"Everything remained quiet until about three o'clock in the morning, when, of a sudden, the well-known whoop of the *escaladores* broke the stillness, and before the sleepers could gather their wits, the *ladrones del crimen real* (robbers on the royal road) were down upon them, and, with drawn weapon, commanded them to surrender. Those near the fire were, of course, the easy victims, and were taken without a shot; these the robbers proceeded to bind hand and foot, after which they started toward the wagons.

"Garcia had seen the whole proceed, and was fully prepared to act. As the leader of the *escaladores* turned toward him, Garcia raised on his elbow, to be in a position where he could handle his rifle. The slight motion was immediately observed by the leader, who commenced firing and advancing. Garcia recognized him as a relative named Miguel Ramirez, a young man aged twenty-three, and the son of the owner of the celebrated Hacienda Ranch in this State.

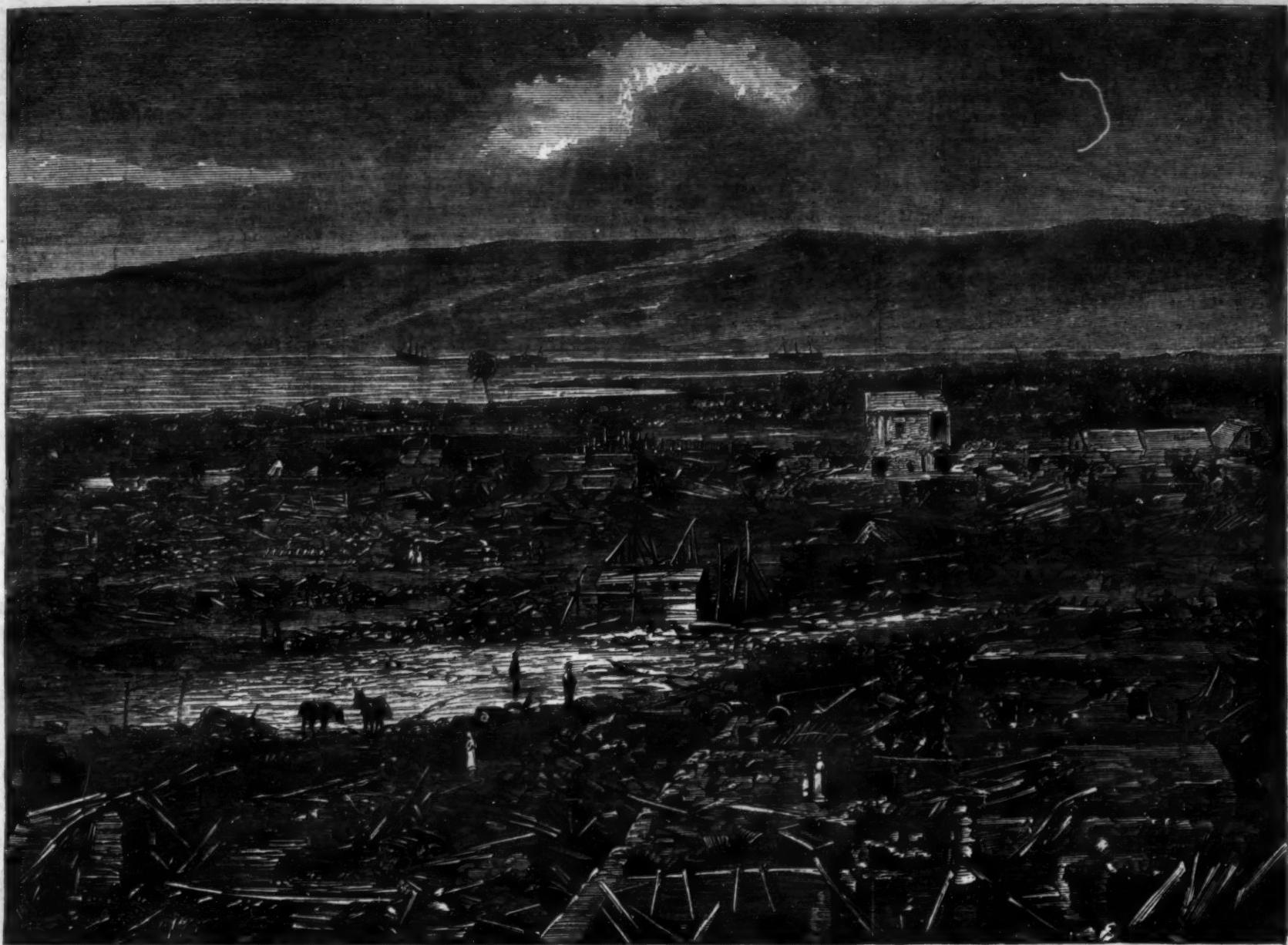
"Garcia thought to put his cousin off his guard, and called out: 'Miguel, don't you know me?' and at the same time fired, the shot taking effect in the head, killing Ramirez instantly. Garcia then sprang to his feet, but before he could level his piece the comrades of the dead robber had fled to the *charpala*. To cut the fifteen bound men



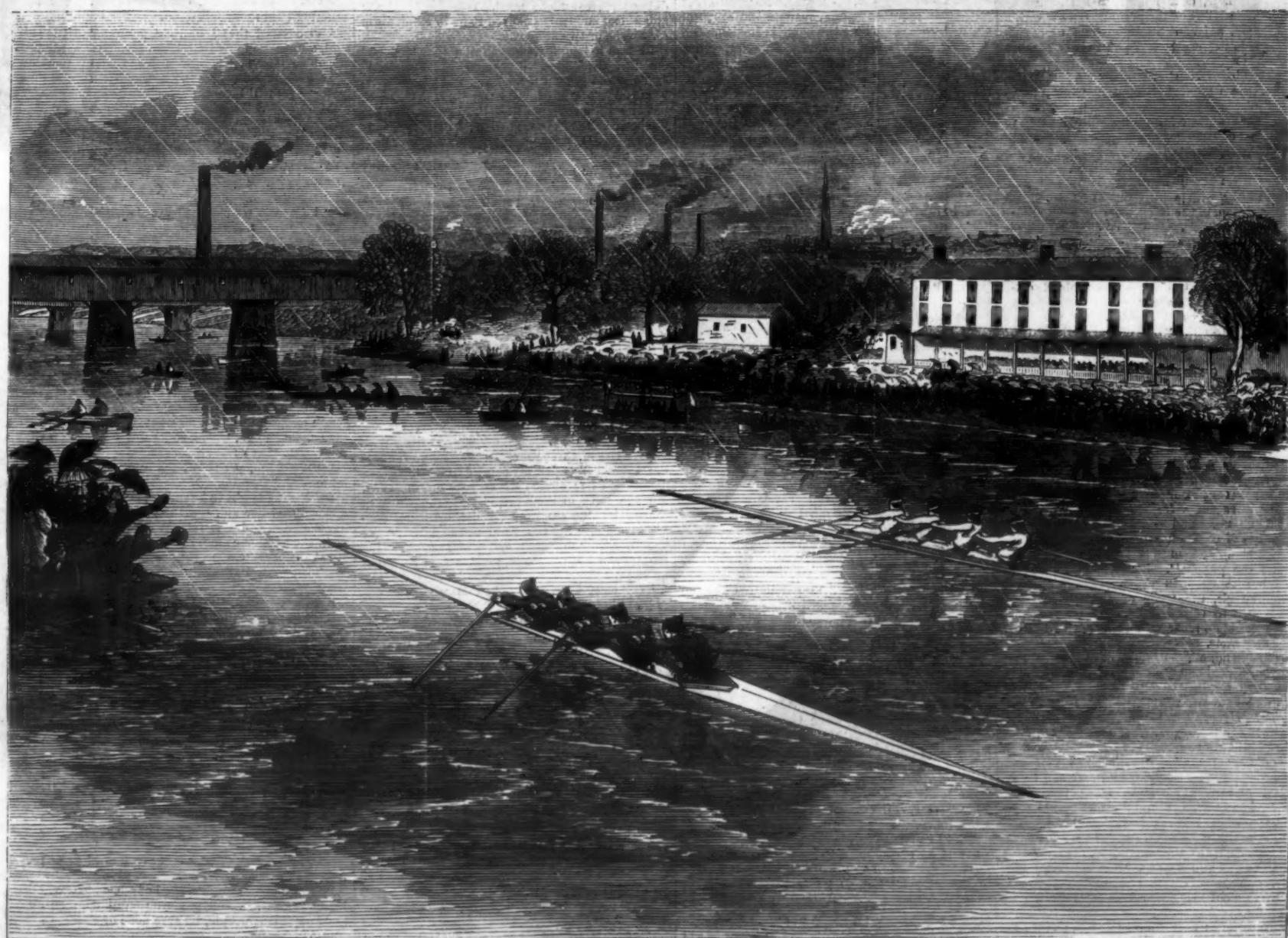
DEDICATION OF A MONUMENT TO MAJOR GENERAL JOHN SEDGWICK, AT WEST POINT, WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 21ST—GENERAL RICKETTS UNVAILING THE STATUE.—FROM A SKETCH BY JAMES E. TAYLOR. | SEE PAGE 123.



THE LAST REGATTA OF THE SEASON—THE YACHTS MYSTIC AND LOIS RACING FOR THE CHAMPION PENNANT, MONDAY OCTOBER 19TH.—SEE PAGE 123.



VIEW OF THE RUINS OF THE CITY OF ARICÓ, PERU, THREE DAYS AFTER THE EARTHQUAKE.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY RICARDO VILLAALBA & CO., TACNA, PERU.—SEE PAGE 123



THE INTERNATIONAL BOAT RACE BETWEEN THE WARD BROTHERS AND THE PARIS CREW OF ST. JOHN, N. B., ON THE CONNECTICUT RIVER, SPRINGFIELD, MASS., OCTOBER 21ST—THE START.  
FROM A SKETCH BY JOSEPH BECKER.—SEE PAGE 123.

## CUI BONO?

A HARMLESS fellow, wasting useless days,  
Am I: I love my comfort, and my leisure;  
Let those who wish them, toil for gold and praise,  
To me this summer day brings more of pleasure.

So, here upon the grass I lie at ease,  
While solemn voices from the past are calling.  
Mingled with rustling whispers in the trees,  
And pleasant sounds of water idly falling.

There was a time when I had higher aims  
Than thus to be among the flowers, and listen  
To lisping birds, or watch the sunset's flames  
On the broad river's surface glow and glisten.

There was a time, perhaps, when I had thought  
To make a name, a home, a bright existence;  
But time has shown me that my dreams were  
naught.

Save a mirage that vanish'd with the distance.

Well, it is gone; I care no longer now  
For fame, for fortune, or for empty praises:  
Rather than wear a crown upon my brow,  
I'd lie for ever here among the daisies.

So, you who wish for fame, good friends, pass by;  
With you I surely cannot think to quarrel:  
Give me peace, rest, this bank whereon I lie,  
And spare me both the labor and the laurel!

## OUR PARIS.

NO. II.

## The New York "Boy of the Period."

No one else having undertaken to "show up" the "boy of the period," I do not know why I should not.

Numbers of articles, by John Douglass Cooke, so rumor says, have cut up the "girl of the period," who, by-the-by, does not seem to mind it; but the "boy"—and ah! what a boy he is—has been let alone, and quite too long.

The "boy of the period" is more remarkable for other things than for strength of mind. This is evident at an early age, when young Loftiby Flushfunds is heard to contend with his brother, and, on the interference of his father, Played-out—the elder brother replies to the paternal query, as to "what's the row?"

"Why, here's Loftiby making a grampus of himself by spending all his money to buy a bountiful—" here a noted danseuse is mentioned; "and her ankles ain't straight, anyhow!"

But it is when the "child of the period" becomes the "boy"—by which I, of course, mean the "young man of the period"—that he is most astounding in his mental weakness.

Behold him! He stands before you in all his glory—or want of it.

You gaze—you cannot help it—at his wondrous hair. That hair, dear reader, is not curled by nature. The "boy of the period" does it with a curling-stick, a jar of bandoline and great patience. Don't it curl? Did you ever? It takes precisely one hour.

Next, as observation brings forth one detail after another, the complexion of the "boy of the period" attracts your eye. The "girl of the period" says that she is sure Loftiby must have a great deal of feeling, he is so pale sometimes! Ah, *jeune fille*, that is the effect of—tell it not in Gath!—pearl powder! He does it, he positively does!—and yet he sneers about you! But he does it *mildly*, with a little piece of flannel, and this Machiavelli of the toilet *hides the face*!

But this is not all. A time comes, and with it more discernment as to those danseuses whose ankles are straight, when the "boy of the period" begins to think that his pallor verges on the yellow. This, unfortunately—it is probable that it is more owing to the "period" than to the "boy"—is apt to be at about eighteen or nineteen. How does the "boy of the period" bear with this heavy misfortune, *yellowness*? He—but now, of course, so noble is "manhood"—are not we, the women, always told so?—I renounce all hope of being believed)—he—he *rouges*!

But there again he shows the superior cunning—oh! I mean the intellect—of man, by doing it, like the powdering, *mildly*. Brillante, of the ballet troupe, taught him, in a freak of fun, the "real Parisian dodge," a thing difficult of discovery. Still the irrefragable agent, a *pied de Nèvre*, is to be found beside the box of pearl powder!

Under stress of a serious character, such as being up all night and having found Delmonico's cigars—not of course his wines—to disagree with him, and being obliged to be at Belgravina—the "girl of the period"'s—house, without fail, to escort her to the ball at the celebrated Mrs. Greatumburg's, the "boy of the period" has been known to resort to "crimson lip salve." Sometimes, when these little things are done in a hurry, they show.

But this is not all.

Do you, candid and unsophisticated reader—do you really, now, believe in those shoulders? Are you, to that extent, "sold" by the "boy of the period"? If so, it is painful, but necessary, to explain the thing to you. *It is done by his tailor!* How? I will tell you.

It is done "thrustly," as Doesticks has it:

The coat—we absolutely, poor Brummell being dead now, "call that a coat"—is made broader at the shoulders than would be necessary for a "boy" one-third larger than Loftiby Flushfunds. Then, that the unnecessary width may not ignorinously cling to the shoulders, that are not broad, but sooth to say, "skimpy"—for late hours, *cannibals*, cigars and wines, even Delmonico, do not bring about the happy result of health, and consequent symmetry and vigor—in order to resume: that the coat may seem to be made for the "boy of the period," pieces of stiff leather, and, in some cases, *frogs*, are inserted, broaching as does an epanirot. But, alas! the shams of the "boy" are as transparent as those

of the "girl of the period," and the appearance of Loftiby Flushfunds, despite the large amount of cash which has found its way into the tailor's—the *fashionable* tailor's—exchequer, is, with shoulders that do not correspond with the absence of muscle and flesh at the top of the arm, a sight to create melancholy.

The tale of Loftiby Flushfunds, basely tempted to treachery by another "boy of the period," has stated a fact which, startling as it may appear, is nevertheless a fact. It is *Corsairs!*

You won't believe it? Well, I might have expected that. You naturally *cannot*. The "boy of the period" has been so sarcastic—in her absence and to Brillante—about the corsets of Belgravina, and he is so witty!

They are not made like "ours," you know; not like the women's; not precisely. They do not tighten so much at the waist. As in the matter of powder and rouge, the whole thing is *milder*. Felix, the valet, is not obliged to exert any physical strength to bring about a waist. But the bones are there, the *façings* are there, and, after a quarter of an hour or so, the waist is there!

Would this were all! . . . but no!

You may have admired the . . . the legs of the "boy of the period." Reader, you have been deceived.

Brillante—no, not Brillante—she is really *tribe bir-fatte*—but others who belong to the ballet are *obliged*, being there to produce a certain amount of illusion in the public mind, to do it; but why, tell me why, does the "boy of the period," in addition to bandoline powder, rouge, false shoulders and corsets—this last in, I admit, the exception, not the rule—wear false calves? He *does* not get his living by piroetting before an admiring public. One is astonished as Alexander Um's was at finding a gentleman kissing another gentleman's wife, because, unlike that lady's husband, the "boy of the period" is not "obliged to."

And do you think that the "boy of the period" does not, like the "girl" ditto, wear a colored necktie because such or such a shade is becoming to his complexion? Do you think that he does not suffer in those impossible boots? Do you think those gloves—Jouvin's, and a *dollar a pair* dearer than Belgravina's—do not cramp his "manly" palm? Would you like to see his bill for hair oil? Would you like to have Felix—he brought Felix from Paris—tell how much, in the French capital, "where all those toilet things are so cheap, you know"—to quote Loftiby—he paid for the *cire à moustache*, and the dye, a thing unwashable!—for the same important portion of his personal-beauty?

Wonderful in waistcoats is the "boy of the period," and great in pantaloons. Before the "infinite variety" of his wardrobe, that of Belgravina pales. Thirty pair of boots, besides Turkish *bab chez* to wear in the seclusion of his meccraum-adorned, be—"rifled," be—"pistoled," and be—"painted" apartments—*bachelor*, of course! and of his hats the name is Legion.

The "boy of the period" who does not, or not often, confess to Brillante, says it is the extravagance, the "shameless" extravagance of the "girl of the period" that terrifies him off from marrying. What a pity! Of the two—the "girl" and the "boy"—the "boy" is the most puerile and paltry, because nature invests him with the dignity of manhood.

But the French say:

"Il y a *jeune et femme*."

And we:

"Il y a *homme et homme*."

Yea, thank heaven! the "boy" of the period is not in the least like the man.

Don't he *be!* He will tell you, in that poetic language toward which his efforts tend, that "you better believe it!" This is *esprit*. He has been in Paris, which he invariably calls "Paree," and he knows what *esprit* is.

Puen his horses! Aha! "What do you women know about horseflesh? That animal goes the eyes out of the governor"—Papa Flushfunde, my reader—but the "boy" has heard that "the governor's bound to go to smash anyhow," and is "determined to have his fun while he can." Papa Flushfunds has never been near Loftiby called "backward" in coming forward, and, under the plea that "boys will be boys," winks at the incontrovertible fact of the danseuse.

The "boy" has a "mamma." When he does not call her "maman," as in the fashion in Paree, he calls her "man," like the "girl of the period." You naturally inquire in language that fully conveys your idea, though it is not precisely elegant, whether she "knows he's out?" Reader, the "mamma" of the "boy of the period" is the woman of the period."

So it cannot be helped, you see! The "woman of the period" is like Madame Benoiton, always *sorte*. To "be out" is the purpose of her being at all. Loftiby smokes at home, and puts his feet on her white velvet chair, with Watteau groups painted on them, but the "woman of the period," except to say that, "since that boy has been to Paree there's no doing anything with him," does not say anything at all. Her mind is engrossed; "it is just the beginning of the gay season, you know."

To resume; if the "girl of the period" is a sham, so is the "boy." Perhaps of the two the "boy" is rather the worse, for the "girl," although guilty of corslets, sometimes padded, is not, as yet, guilty of false calves and shoulders.

He talks of the false hair—does the "boy of the period"—worn by the "woman" and "girl of the period," but, ah! how soon he gets to wigs! and who can doubt that, if fashion bade men wear long hair, he would, by dint of false locks, look as much like an escaped maniac as the "girl"?

He sneers, too, when Belgravina talks, or rather, hints at her conquests. And yet he displays notes and letters, which he "shouldn't

ought," and slippers and locks of hair. The photographs of various dames, rather more rapid than respectable, and which he tells you, in confidence, were bestowed by the ladies themselves, became him by the same process as did those of Mademoiselle Schneider as La Grande Duchesse and the pretty Leblanc, "who lost such a fearful sum at gambling at Baden, you know;" *they were bought*; Felix did it. It is a peculiarity of the "boy of the period," in his ardent desire to be up to the mark in fastness, "to assume a vice though he has it not." But, then, he *usually* has it!

For he has them all. Betting, racing, gambling, smoking, drinking, and running after that portion of the fair sex whose position cannot be acknowledged, and whose acquaintance, when sober, the "boy of the period" must disavow.

But he will tell you with a glow of pride—probably "manly"—upon his cheek, that he "knows every good-looking actress in town," and that it was he who "won at the last races!"

In view of the prognostication as to the smash-up of the "governor," you may ask whether the "boy of the period" knows anything?

Not he! He could not be induced to study at school. What avails it to be the son of a man whose cash is unlimited, or said to be so, if "you must work?"

Work? Oh no! Study? Not he! The "girl of the period," shallow as she is, can find out his depth in about three minutes. But she likes him: he is so "delightfully fast, and so funny, dear fellow!"

When he assumes the wonderful linen garment "all over horses' heads," the new style of hat with the frowsy nap, while preserving the wooden epaulets described above; when, like the young men of family abroad, he begins to walk with his feet more apart than is natural, to show how much of his time is passed on horseback; when he sprinkles a little more bad imitations of French into his talk, and smiles a little more vacantly, shall we not be tempted to ask:

"Is this a Man—or a Monkey?"

## Kate's Reprimand.

"MY DEAR JACK—Won't you cast the dust of the city off your feet, and come up to Maplehurst to spend the heated term? Nellie and Sue are to be here; so if you go off to the sea-side you will miss those two favorites of yours. And besides, I have Kate with me—my especial friend—of whom you have heard me speak so often. I have only mentioned a few of the choice spirits. There is to be quite a party of gentlemen, also, to enjoy the hospitality of Maplehurst. Now come, and do not disappoint your loving sister. NETTIE."

This was the missive I received one excessively warm day early in June; but I had already made arrangements to join a party of friends at the sea-side, so I sent my regrets, with a half promise to run up toward the close of the season.

Somewhat the society at the sea-side that year did not interest me as usual. I wearied of it all; and at last suddenly resolved to go to Maplehurst for a week or two at least.

I began to long for sister Nettie's thousand and one little attentions, with which my lady friends said she had spoiled me. The society of "my favorites" was a small inducement, I'll confess; but the Kate she spoke of—the less said of her the better. So I thought then; I've changed my mind since. I arrived unexpectedly one morning, much to Nettie's surprise. The rest had gone picnicking, and I found her alone, taking it easy.

"Dear Jack," said she, when we had at last settled down for a chat, "I am so glad you have come. We are having such a gay season! So many of your friends are here, so you will be in your element. And Kate is here, too."

"Humph! as if that were the greatest attraction you could possibly offer a fellow! Nettie, I've seen her twice, and I confess I've no desire to see her again. I can't understand your infatuation."

"Why, Jack, you must be mistaken. Where on earth have you seen her?"

"Six years ago, you know, she lived with her uncle near Springdale, only ten miles from here. The first time I visited you after your marriage, while riding round through the country, I came across this paragon of yours, *sans* shoes and stockings, working in the field, à la Maud Muller, most woefully ugly."

"Well, then, three years afterward—you remember I was here after my return from Europe—I came upon her again; with shoes on this time, but the holes in them displayed to the admiring passers-by blue stockings; just think of it, blue-yarn stockings! You need not laugh. There she was, with hammer and nails, mending the fence, or making it. And, presto! here I find her an inmate of my sister's parlors."

"Oh, you fastidious Jack! I remember your one failing—judging people by first appearances. My parlors could not contain a worthier inmate than Kate Hadley, say what you will. I myself never saw her until two years ago, but I can account somewhat for her odd appearance."

"When I saw her first, she was a mere child of fifteen; and working in the hayfield was not the hardest labor she was called upon to endure. She rarely speaks of her past life; but I have heard from other sources that for four years she was a perfect drudge. An orphan cast upon the bounty of relatives, they did not spare her. And after her aunt's death the responsibility of the household fell on her young shoulders.

"She must have led a hard, loveless life, for old Adam Gray was not one to care for anything but his gold and lands. But she labored faithfully for duty's sake, with no appreciation or encouragement, and I am thankful her lot is easier now. I, for one, am proud to call her friend."

"Well, sir, you really wax eloquent over your subject, and make her quite a heroine in real life."

"Which she certainly is, Jack." And here our conversation was interrupted.

After dinner I took a stroll toward the woods, which looked so invitingly cool that hot day; but, unluckily, in trying to cross the brook, I lost my foothold, and splashed in like an overgrown turtle. Rather cooled, I retraced my steps homeward, and stole in the back way, intending to reach my room unseen, as, by the noise and laughter, I perceived the party had returned.

I was stealing softly along the upper hall, congratulating myself that I was unseen, when, horrible to relate, just before reaching my retreat, I perceived, leaning against the balustrades, a young lady I had never seen, whose occupation just then seemed to be counting the patches of mud scattered lavishly over my garments, face included, while an amused and rather sarcastic smile played around her lips.

Now I own I am particular concerning my own personal appearance; and surely no one of my acquaintances ever saw me in such a plight before. I disappeared within my room with more haste than grace; but after making myself presentable, a glance in the mirror at my restored appearance tended to calm my ruffled spirits somewhat. Of course, in the parlor, I was heartily welcomed among my old friends; and I was inwardly relieved to find the strange lady absent.

But she came in with Nettie just before tea, and I was formally introduced to "Miss Hadley;" and, to my utter surprise, I beheld her a lovely, rather mature young lady, with most bewitching eyes and mouth, and such hair crowning her beautiful head with its glory.

Nettie saw my surprise, and enjoyed it. But she could not have known why I flushed at that same peculiar smile I had seen on the balcony. At the table she sat opposite, for I, of course, handed in my old pot and playfellow, Nellie Wilson. Furtively I studied Miss Hadley's face, and even I could find no flaw. During that first evening, I perceived that she was the favorite of all.

Day after day brought its pleasures. I flirted with the girls, as usual, by turns; and would have flirted with Kate, but there was a certain something—thus-far-shalt-thou-go-and-no-urther air about her, which forbade anything of the sort.

I could not quite understand her, and being a traveled man of the world, accustomed to being lionized by the sex, it was not very pleasant. But I saw no help for it, and ere long, we let each other alone by tacit consent. Nettie and I held no more private conversations concerning her, however.

One lovely evening, as we were all starting for a ride, Kate was missed; but Nettie, who was also going, explained that Kate had decided to remain behind that evening; and as her horse was led back to the stables, I almost wished mine might be also, and that I might be allowed to remain with her. But stifling the wish, I started with the rest, helter-skelter, on a gallop.

But my horse stumbled, and I was thrown on the green sward. I quickly remounted, telling the rest I was all right; but I soon experienced a stinging pain in my left hand.

I discovered that I had cut my hand a little; and, almost delighted that the accident afforded a sufficient excuse, I informed my companions that I would return to the house, if they would proceed without me.

At the gate the groom took my horse, and I passed through to the side porch and sat down to examine my hand. Soon I felt

little while to recover my equanimity, after that stunning assault from a woman's tongue.

Here I left the library, I vowed that if we both lived she should yet become my wife. The proud virgin! Then I gave way to anger, and made up my mind to face the matter boldly. I would not leave the place vanquished. The victor should not exist over the shattered remains of my affections. And as she had already promised Nettie she would remain through September, we both met daily under the same roof as usual.

At last the bright summer had nearly waned. Some of our friends had already left. One day more, and I should be on my way back to town.

In that last warm, happy afternoon, with a book in my hand, I strolled out to one of the arbors.

It was delightfully pleasant there, and as I shrew myself on one of the low couches, I spied behind a garden-chair a book—the very book Kate Hadley had been anxiously looking for a few days before; her lost sketch-book.

I quickly took possession of it, and opened it, of course. The first page I glanced at presented a fac-simile of myself, as I must have appeared after my plunge in the brook the day I first met her. I could not but recognize it.

Turning leaf after leaf, upon which appeared traces of real genius, I found at last a half-written sheet of note-paper within the leaves.

Now, as you will probably never know who I am, I will confess that, without the least hesitation, I read the closely-written lines, as follows:

"**MY DEAREST ELLA**—I am sincerely glad you confided in me so fully as to trust your secret with me. Rest assured it shall remain inviolate. You think that I am happy—I with my heart in my own keeping! You say that I can know nothing of the pangs you suffer. Darling! I will tell you what no other will ever know. I am as utterly wretched as a fond heart can make its unhappy possessor. And that heart of mine is in the keeping of one of whom any woman might be proud. I know this will seem strange to you. Not long ago he asked me to become his wife. I scornfully refused, because my pride had magnified a mere molehill into a mountain. He is not a man to sue the second time, and I have deliberately raised a barrier between us that will never be surmounted. My future now has—"

Here the letter remained unfinished. Oh, how my heart beat. With triumph? No, with love. And I would win her yet! Now I understood why she had nearly moved the house from its foundations for that book.

I quietly proceeded to the house, and hearing the piano, peeped in. She was practicing alone. I stole up behind her, and without a word placed it—open at the ridiculous picture of myself—on the piano before her.

How she started, and how painfully she blushed as the half-written letter slipped out upon the key-board! I shall never forget the look she gave me as she said in a stifled voice :

"Where did you get it?"

"Under a garden-chair in the south arbor."

A silence followed, during which I could fairly hear her heart throbbing under its weight of mortification. At last—for I pitied her, as she sat with head downcast, and scarlet face, with its sweet mouth twitching in nervous excitement :

"Kate, I have done a dishonorable act. I have seen your book, and read your letter; but I do not regret it. It has made me very happy. Darling! do not wrong your own heart, and crush mine again, for I love you so truly! Surely you will not destroy the happiness of us both for those careless, thoughtless words that, in my conceit, I spoke ere I had seen you!"

For answer I received—well, no matter, reader; but rest assured it was a different answer from the first, and entirely satisfactory.

I did not leave the next day. We were married at Christmas. To-day I am a happy husband and father, and often laugh over my wooing at Ma-plehurst.

## ANIMAL INTELLIGENCE.

A new champion for the Intelligence of Animals has revived the discussion, in a book full of facts and inferences which, if not all new, are all to the point. Without admitting that humans are the issue of quadrupeds, he believes with Lactantius that animals possess in a certain measure the faculties of men, and that our inferior brethren, as St. Francis d'Assisi calls them, preclude us on earth, and were our first instructors. We take an example or two of what the smallest and the dullest of them, as well as the biggest and cleverest—leas and fish as well as elephants—can do.

There were industrious fleas before our time. Baron Walckenaer (who died in 1452) saw with his own eyes, for sixpence, in the Place de la Bourse, Paris, four learned fleas perform the manual exercise, standing upright on their hind legs, with a splinter of wood to serve for a pike. Two other fleas dragged a golden carriage: with a third flea, holding a whip, on the box, for a coachman. Another pair dragged a cannon. The fleahorses were harnessed by a golden chain fastened to their hind legs, which was never taken off. They had lived in this way two years and a half, without any mortality among them, when Walckenaer saw them. They took their meals on their keeper's arm. Their feats were performed on a plate of polished glass. When they were sulky, and refused to work, the man, instead of whipping them, held a bit of lighted charcoal over their backs, which very soon brought them to their senses.

But of what use is cleverness without a heart? The flea has strong maternal affections. She lays her eggs in the crannies of floors, in the bedding of animals, and on babies' night-clothes. When the helpless, transparent larva appear, the mother-flea feeds them, as the dove does its young, by discharging into their mouths the contents of her stomach. Grudge her not, therefore, one small drop of blood. For you, it is nothing but a flea-bite; for her, it is the life of her beloved offspring!

While pleading, however, for the flea, we can-

not do as much for the bug, though he is gifted with fuller developed intelligence. An inquisitive gentleman, wishing to know how the bug became aware of a human presence, tried the following experiment: He got into a bed suspended from the ceiling, without any tester, in the middle of an unfurnished room. He then placed on the floor a bug, which, guided probably by smell, pondered the means of reaching the bed. After deep reflection, it climbed up the wall, traveled straight across the ceiling to the spot immediately over the bed, and then dropped plump on the observer's nose. Was this, or was it not, an act of intelligence?

The Fish belongs to the great Flathead family. The same sort of platitude which you see in his person, doubtless extends to the whole of his character. You have met him somewhere in human shape—one of those pale-faced, wispy-washy gentlemen, whose passions have extinguished all heart and feeling. You often find them in diplomatic regions, and can't tell whether they are fish or flesh. But if their mental powers are less developed, their term of existence is more extended. They gain in longevity what they lose in warmth of temperament.

Nevertheless, the skill with which the stickleback constructs his nest is now a matter of natural history. Other fishes display an address which we acquire only by long and constant practice. One fellow, with a muzzle prolonged into a long narrow tube (which he uses as a popgun), prowls about the banks of tidal rivers. On spying a fly on the water-weeds, he slyly swims up until he gets within five or six feet of it. He then shoots it with water from his proboscis, never failing to bring down his game. A governor of the hospital at Batavia, doubting the fact, though attested by credible witnesses, procured some of these fish, to watch their pranks. He stuck a fly on a pin at the end of a stick, and placed it so as to attract their notice. To his great delight, they shot it with their water-guns, for which he rewarded them with a treat of insects.

The pike has proved himself not only intelligent, but even capable—believe it who will—of gratitude.

"While living at Durham," says Dr. Warwick, "I took a walk one evening in Lord Stamford's park. On reaching a pond in which fish were kept ready for use, I observed a fine pike of some six pounds' weight. At my approach he darted away like an arrow. In his hurry he knocked his head against an iron hook fixed in a post in the water, fracturing his skull and injuring the optic nerve on one side of his head. He appeared to suffer terrible pain; he plunged into the mud, floundered hither and thither, and at last, leaping out of the water, fell on the bank. On examination, a portion of the brain was seen protruding through the fractured skull.

"This I carefully restored to its place, making use of a small silver toothpick to raise the splinters of broken bone. The fish remained quiet during the operation; when it was over he plunged into the pond. At first his sufferings appeared to be relieved; but in the course of a few minutes he began rushing right and left until he again leaped out of the water.

"I called the keeper, and with his assistance applied a bandage to the fracture. That done, we restored him to the pond and left him to his fate. Next morning, as soon as I reached the water's edge, the pike swam to meet me quite close to the bank, and laid his head upon my feet. I thought this an extraordinary proceeding. Without further delay I examined the wound and found it was healing nicely. I then strolled for some time by the side of the pond. The fish swam after me, following my steps, and turning as I turned.

"The following day I brought a few young friends with me to see the fish. He swam toward me as before. Little by little he became so tame as to come to my whistle and eat out of my hand. With other persons, on the contrary, he continued as shy and as wild as ever."

This anecdote is averred to have been read in 1850 before the Liverpool Literary and Philosophical Society.

The elephant, with a sort of humorous justice, is given to return injuries or insults in kind. In Madagascar, an elephant's cornac happening to have a cocoanut in his hand, thought fit, out of bravado, to break it on the animal's head. The elephant made no protest at the time; but next day, passing a fruit-stall, he took a cocoanut in his trunk, and returned the cornac's compliment so vigorously on his head, that he killed him on the spot.

If vindictive, he is also grateful. At Pondicherry, a soldier who treated an elephant to a dram of arrack every time he received his pay, found himself the worse for liquor. When the guard were about to carry him off to prison, he took refuge under the elephant and fell asleep. His protector would allow no one to approach, and watched him carefully all night. In the morning, after caressing him with his trunk, he dismissed him to settle with the authorities as he best could.

Both revenge and gratitude imply intelligence; still more does the application of an unforeseen expedient. A train of artillery going to Seringapatam, had to cross the shingly bed of a river. A man who was sitting on a gun-carriage, fell; in another second the wheel would have passed over his body. An elephant walking by the side of the carriage saw the danger, and instantly, without any order from his keeper, lifted the wheel from the ground, leaving the fallen man uninjured.

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On the left of the monument was a large stand draped with American flags, on which the orator, committee, and invited guests were seated. In front of the stand the cadets were formed in close column, doubled on the centre, at parade rest; the artillery in the rear, and the band on the left. On the right were seats for the audience, which numbered several hundred.

The exercises were opened with a prayer from the chaplain, followed by music from the band, which performed *Stabat Mater*. The three bands had been consolidated, numbering in all about seventy instruments, and they executed the piece in a most exquisite manner. Immediately after, Major-General Ricketts advanced to the monument and pulled down the flag which enveloped the statue, unveiling it to the public gaze, amid the plaudits of the spectators, the roll of drums, the salute of the cadets, and the firing of thirteen guns.

Its magnificent appearance, as it stood out in bold relief for the first time against the sky, elicited the warmest expression of admiration from the entire assemblage.

As a work of art it has no superior in the country. Of life size, in full military dress, standing in a commanding attitude, with life-like expression of countenance, the statue rises the very ideal of a hero. Its fidelity to nature is remarkable, and its design admirable. The pedestal is of stone, and bears upon its front the following inscription:

MAJOR-GEN. JOHN SEDGWICK,

U. S. Volunteers. Colonel Fourth Cavalry, U. S. A.

Born September 13, 1814.

Killed in battle at Spotsylvania, Va.,

May 9, 1864.

While in command of the Sixth Corps, Army of the Potomac.

The Sixth Corps, in Loving Admiration of its Commander, dedicated this statue to him memory.

On the east face is the corps badge, and on the west the U. S. coat of arms. The whole monument is fourteen feet high, and cost \$13,000. The metal was furnished by Congress from captured cannon.

The oration was delivered by the Hon. George W. Curtis, a performance by the band followed, and the ceremonies of the occasion were completed with a dress parade by the cadets.

## The Last Regatta of the Season—The Yachts Mystic and Lois Racing for the Champion Pennant, October 19th.

The last yacht-race of the season took place on Monday, October 19th, between the schooners Lois and Mystic. The course was from a stake-boat of the Delaplaine House, around the Southwest Spit, returning to the stake-boat. The schooners got off at 12:25 P. M., the Lois having a little the best start. The Mystic quickly passed her, but not being able to get her centre-board down, she made so much lee-way for about ten minutes as to put her a long way behind. From the Narrows it was a stern-chase to the Southwest Spit, which the Lois passed at 2:25, and the Mystic fifteen minutes later. In the run from the Spit back to the Narrows the Mystic gained some on the Lois, but more than lost it by running too much under the land, and losing the wind. The Lois reached the stake-boat at 4:05, and the Mystic at 4:22, losing the pennant.

## Arica (Peru) After the Earthquake.

We have already given several views of Arica, one of the principal ports of Peru, before the great earthquake of August 13th. We now present our readers with a view, copied from a photograph of the same port, ten days after the disaster. No description can convey so clear an idea of the terrible force of the convulsion, and the absolute ruin it effected, as this engraving. In the distance will be seen the Peruvian ironclad vessel-of-war America, cast high and dry on the land, a perfect wreck. Also, the United States war vessel Water, and the British bark Charavas. The United States store-ship Fredonia, it will be remembered, was wholly lost, with all on board. The following is a description, by an eye-witness, of the disaster. Besides being graphic, it is exact, and has a real scientific as well as a popular value:

"On the afternoon of August 13th, as we were finishing our dinner on board the Water, at about twenty minutes past five o'clock, immense clouds of dust were seen at a distance of some ten miles south of Arica. This, of course, attracted attention as a matter of unusual occurrence. The volume of clouded dust came nearer and nearer, and it was observed from the deck of the vessel that the peaks of mountains in the chain of the Cordilleras began to wave to and fro like reeds in a storm. There could have been no optical delusion about it, for the sea was calm and the vessel was perfectly quiet. A few minutes after it was observed that from mountains nearer to Arica whole piles of rock rent themselves loose, and large mounds of earth and stone rolled down the sides. Very soon it was noticed that the whole earth was shaking, and that an earthquake was in progress. By comparing distances of ports reached by the earthquake successively, and computing the time by exact measurement, it was ascertained that the volcanic element under the surface of the globe at that particular spot traveled at the rate of between 600 and 700 miles an hour. When the convulsion reached the Morro, a rocky precipice lining one side of the harbor, it also began to move. Pieces of iron from ten to twenty-five tons in weight began to move from their base and fall, altering the whole front view of that part of the coast. At the same moment the town commenced to crumble into ruins. The noise, the rumbling like the echoes of thunder, the explosive sounds, like that of firing a heavy battery, were terrific and deafening, and the whole soil of the country, as far as it could be seen, was moving, first like a wave, in the direction from south to north, then it trembled, and at last it shook heavily, throwing into a heap of ruins two-thirds of all the houses of Arica. Men, women and children ran into any open space near at hand, and their shrieks and screams could be heard distinctly on board the shipping; even the Custom House, built of iron, stone and adobe, received a wide crack at the first shock. Shock after shock followed; on several places openings were becoming visible in the ground, and sulphurous vapors issued from them. At this juncture a crowd of people flocked to the mole, seeking boats to take refuge on the vessels in the harbor. As yet the shipping in the harbor felt not the least commotion from the disturbances on land.

"After the first shock there was a rest. No breeze could be felt, no ripple was seen on the waters. The Water and the Fredonia sent their surgeons ashore to assist the wounded. Between fifty and sixty of the people of the town had reached the mole by this time to take to the boats. But the surgeons had hardly landed, and but few of the others had entered the boats, when the sea quietly receded from the shore, leaving the boats high and dry on the beach. The water had not receded further than the distance of extremely low tide, when all at once, on the whole levese of the harbor, it commenced to rise. It appeared at first as if the ground of the shore was sinking, but the mole being carried away, the people on the mole were seen floating; the little pagoda used as an office for the captain of the port was also floating, and the water still rose until it reached a height of thirty-four feet above high-water mark, and overflowed the town, and rushed through the streets, and threw down by the force of its weight what the earthquake had left. And all this rise and overflow of the waters took only about five minutes.

"The water rushed back into the ocean more suddenly than it had advanced upon the land, and carried with it the Custom House and the residence of the English Consul. This awful spectacle of destruction by the receding flood had hardly been realized, when the sea rose again, and now the vessels in port began dragging. The water rose to the same height as before, and on rushing back, it brought not only the debris of a ruined city with it, but even a locomotive and tender and a train of four cars were seen carried away by the fearful force of the waves. During this advance of the sea inland, another terrific shock, lasting about eight minutes, was felt, the thunders of the earth and the storm of the waves surpassing all conception of human endurance. At this time, all around the city, the dust formed into clouds, and obscuring the sky, made things on land quite invisible. It was then that the thundering approach of a heavy sea wave was noticed, and a minute afterward a sea wall of perpendicular height, to the extent of from forty-two to forty-five feet, capped with a fringe of bright, glistening foam, swept over the land, stranding far in shore the United States steamer Water, the Americas, a Peruvian frigate, and the Charavas, an English merchant vessel."

The International Boat Race, Between the Ward Brothers, of New York, and the Paris Crew, from St. John, N. B., on the Connecticut River, Springfield, Mass., October 21st.

The oarsmen of New Brunswick, that triumphed in the great international regatta at Paris, can fairly claim the four-oared championship of the world. The Ward Brothers, after bravely contesting the prize were defeated in the race on the Connecticut river, at Springfield, Mass., on the 21st October. The match was for \$1,500 a side, and originated in a challenge to the world on the part of the Ward Brothers, Jos. Gil, Charles and Henry. Both crews had been trained with great care, and their physical condition was superb, leaving no doubt that the men were in the exercise of their fullest powers, and that the victory was due to superior strength, skill and endurance.

The day's sport commenced with a single scull race for a purse of \$50, between John McKiel, of Cold-spring, N. Y., and John O'Neil, of Springfield; won by the New Yorker. Then followed the international struggle, resulting in the complete triumph of the Brunswickers.

The judges in the winning stake-boat were Mr. Stephen King, of St. John, for the New Brunswick crew, and Mr. Tim. Donohue, of Newburg, for the Wards; in the lower boat, Mr. Charles E. Potter, of St. John, and Mr. H. Hashagen for the Wards. The referee was Charles M. Brown, Esq., of Orange County, N. Y. The uniform of the St. John crew was pink shirts and drawers, and red and blue caps; of the Wards, white shirts and pink drawers, with white handkerchiefs round their heads.

In spite of the drizzling rain, thousands of spectators lined the banks of the river. At twelve minutes to three, the boats being in line, the word Go was given, and simultaneously the oars flashed, and the shells leaped through the water. The Wards at first took the lead, but before they had proceeded a quarter of a mile, the New Brunswickers, pulling a long, steady stroke, drew near, passed, and kept the advance, turning the lower stake-boat, three miles down the river, three lengths ahead. On the homeward course they steadily increased the lead, and came in sixty lengths ahead, having made the six miles in thirty-nine minutes twenty-eight and three-quarter seconds, the defeated crew being exactly one minute behind the victors.

Our engraving represents the start of this exciting race, introducing a picturesque view of the adjacent scenery.

## "Moby Dick" in the Pacific Ocean.

The following story of a whale's attack upon boats' crews appears in the *Panama Star*: "The Chilean whaling bark Concepcion, Captain Richard Gould, when off Chatham Island, recently, fell in with a school of large sperm whales. Three boats were immediately lowered in pursuit, that of the third mate (Pedro Robles, Chilean), being the first to strike a large sperm whale, which was soon done when the whale turned upon the boat, and taking it in its mouth crushed it to pieces, killing one man, a native of Tacahuano, and breaking the leg of another. The boat commanded by the second mate then fastened on the same whale; but on his

Views of Public Buildings in San Francisco, Cal., Destroyed or Injured by the Earthquake, Oct. 21st. From Photographs Furnished by T. G. Dorland, at E. & H. T. Anthony & Co.'s.

The Earthquake in California, October 21st—Views of Public Buildings Destroyed in San Francisco.

THE convulsions of nature that have been so destructive in foreign lands have already pushed their ravages to the homes of our own people. The telegraph gives us intelligence of violent earthquakes in California, of buildings destroyed, of lives lost, of chasms yawning in the streets of San Francisco, and of volcanic commotions in San Jose, Sacramento, and other places.

We publish the dispatches as received, the details, though necessarily meagre, showing that the damage has been considerable. Several of the public buildings mentioned as having suffered most severely from the shocks are represented in our engravings:

SAN FRANCISCO, Oct. 21.—A heavy shock of an earthquake was felt here at 7:50 o'clock this morning. The motion was east to west. Several buildings on Pine, Battery, and Sansom streets were thrown down, and a considerable number badly damaged. The ground settled, which threw buildings out of line, and at present writing, 9 A. M., no estimate can be made, though it is considered comparatively small. Several severe shocks have followed at intervals since, creating a general alarm among the people. The shock was felt with great severity at San Jose, where a number of buildings were considerably injured.

SECOND DISPATCH.

A survey of the city shows that the principal damage by the earthquake is confined to the lower portion below Montgomery street, and among the old buildings on the made ground. Numerous houses in that portion of the city have been abandoned and pulled down. The Custom House—a brick building, built on pile ground—which was badly shattered by the earthquake of October, 1856, is considered unsafe, and the officials have removed to the revenue buildings. Business in the lower part of the city is suspended. The streets are thronged with people, and great excitement prevails. The parapet walls and chimneys of a number of buildings have been thrown down, causing loss of life. The damage will not exceed a million dollars.

At Oakland the shock was very severe, throwing down chimneys and greatly damaging a number of buildings. The ground opened in several places, and a strong sulphurous smell was noticed after the shock.

The Court House at San Leandro was demolished and one life lost.

From various portions of the country and in the vicinity of San Francisco bay, the shock is reported as severe, and considerable damage is sustained. In many places the earth opened and water gushed forth.

SAN FRANCISCO, Oct. 21—Evening.—The streets are crowded with an excited multitude discussing the particulars of the disastrous earthquake. Twelve shocks were felt during the day. The direction of the shocks was from the north to the south, though some descriptions give a rotatory motion. The greatest damage extends in a belt several hundred feet wide, and running about northwest and southeast, commencing near the Custom House and ending at Folsom street wharf, injuring and demolishing about twelve buildings in its course. At the corner of Market and First streets the ground opened several inches wide and about forty or fifty feet long. In other places the ground opened and

water was forced above the surface. The City Hall may be considered a perfect wreck. The courts have all adjourned, and the prisoners have been taken from the station-house to the county jail. All the patients in the United States Marine Hospital have been removed, the buildings having been declared unsafe. The chimneys of the United States Mint is so badly damaged that the establishment is closed for repairs. Hager's type-foundry suffered greatly.

The Lincoln school house is badly damaged, and the large statue in front of the building completely buried. All business at the general delivery post-office is temporarily suspended. The San Francisco Gas Works suffered severely; the tall chimney, having been thrown over, fell through the roof. The Mission Woolen Mills are considerably damaged. The large chimney of the sugar refinery on Eighth street is badly cracked. The gable end on the girls' side of the Deaf, Dumb and Blind Institute fell in, crushing through the ceilings. Many chimneys in the southern part of the city were thrown down, but no one was seriously injured by them. Only four lives have been reported lost, although numbers are seriously injured by falling debris. The water in the bay was perfectly smooth at the time of the shock, and no perceptible disturbance took place. The shock was felt aboard the shipping in the harbor as if the vessels had struck upon a rock. The earthquake was severe in the interior. Shocks were felt at Sacramento and Stockton.

The Central Coast and Alameda Company's building was thrown down and some lives lost. The Mare Island navy yard experienced two heavy shocks; several buildings were thrown down, and some of the buildings considerably shaken, but no serious injury occurred. At Redwood City the large brick court house is little better than a wreck, and all the county offices have moved out.

At Marysville a light shock was felt, and at Grays Valley the shock was severe. At Sonoma the shocks were light, but they continued nearly all day. All business, except of a retail kind, is suspended. The Chamber of Commerce held a meeting to-day, and resolved to telegraph to the Chambers of Commerce in New York, Philadelphia, Boston, Chicago, London, Paris, and Hamburg the account of the disaster.

SAN FRANCISCO, Oct. 21—7 P. M.—Another shock has just been felt.

**A VENERABLE BOTTLE OF WINE.**—At a banquet just given at St. Remy, France, Bouches-du-Rhone, a bottle of wine of the year 1472 was presented by Baron Brisse, the well-known gastronomist, who was one of the guests. According to the account of this relic given by the donor, 300 nobles from Savoy, Bavaria, Switzerland, and other countries, accepted, in 1576, an invitation to some archery fêtes at Strasburg. The vintage of the first-named year was then held in high veneration, and a certain quantity of the produce was procured for the cup of honor handed to the illustrious strangers. A portion remained and was consigned to the cellar of the hospital to be preserved, and has since been carefully treasured up. The wine has only been touched on the occasion of visits by the sovereigns, or very high personages. Baron Brisse was some time back a patient in the hospital, and before leaving was shown over the cellar. As his reputation as a gourmet had reached Strasburg, he was not only allowed to taste the famous liquor, but the bottle in question was given him.



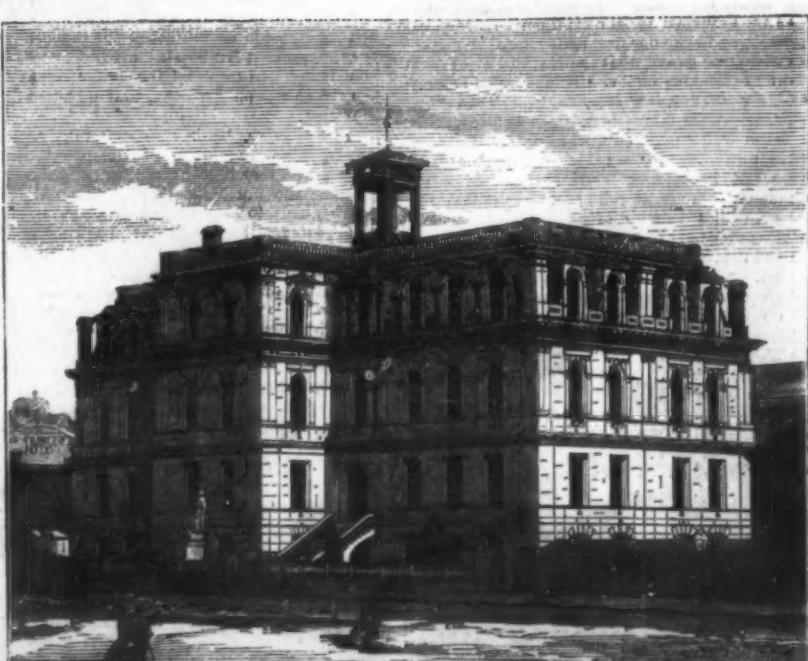
CITY HALL, SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.



PLAZA LOOKING FROM THE CITY HALL.



UNITED STATES MARINE HOSPITAL.



LINCOLN SCHOOL.

## HOME INCIDENTS, ACCIDENTS, &amp;c.

## HOME INCIDENTS.

## Masked Men Destroying Arms on Board the Steamer Hesper.

The steam-tug Nettie Jones, Captain Ford, left the wharf at Memphis, Tenn., on Thursday afternoon, October 15th, for Pickering, having a barge in tow. The tug reached her destination and landed a line, but had scarcely made fast when the scene was covered with men, securely masked, probably one hundred in number. They quietly boarded the tug, took possession of the pilot-house and engine-room, and ordered the captain to start down the river. When approaching Cat Isl and, twenty-five miles below, and near the Arkansas shore, Captain Ford was ordered to run the tug alongside the little steamer Hesper, which was tied up wooding. This was no sooner done than the men, leaving a strong party on guard, sprang aboard the Hesper, placed the crew under surveillance, and then proceeded to throw into the water all the firearms and ammunition they could find in the steamboat. The party returned to the tug, and it was run ashore at a point below Memphis, the masked men effecting their escape in a skiff, which answered their signals.

## A Wonderful Bird.

On Thursday, October 7th, James Mason, of Vernon Township, Iowa, took his gun, and, in company with his dog, started out for the purpose of hunting pigeons. While making his way through a deep, thickly-wooded ravine, he heard a swift rushing sound in the air above him, while a dark shadow, similar to that produced by a small cloud, was thrown upon the ground. Raising his gun, Mr. Mason took deliberate aim, and discharging both barrels at once, had the satisfaction to see his huge game come tumbling to the ground. The bird, though badly wounded, was not killed, and put forth a stubborn resistance, beating the air with his wings in so furious a manner, that neither Mr.



MASKED MEN DESTROYING FIREARMS ON BOARD THE STEAMBOAT HESPER, OFF CAT ISLAND, ARKANSAS SHORE.

## An Uncomfortable Bracelet.

As a lady residing at Hoosac Falls, N. Y., was removing some dresses from a clothes-closet in her house a few evenings ago, a large black snake dropped from the folds of one of the dresses, and wound its horrible

## A Gallant Sailor.

A Scotchman named Tait, the coxswain of the gig of the United States steamer Wateree, which was carried ashore at Arica, during the recent South American earthquake, was the only member of the crew lost dur-



A WONDERFUL BIRD.

Mason nor his dog ventured to approach within a hundred yards, and it was not until he had fired three shots into the head and body of the monster that he ventured to approach. This wonderful bird is supposed to belong to a species now totally extinct, but which lived and flourished, according to Cuvier and Audubon, in the days of the mastodon. It is much larger than any known species of the feathered creation, weighing exactly ninety-two pounds. Its body is covered with short floccy feathers, those on the under side being of pure white, while the back is slightly mottled with gray. The wings are nearly black, measuring twelve feet from tip to tip, while the bill is hooked and of a bluish cast. The legs are long and slender, of a pea green color, and the feet webbed like a duck's.



A GALLANT SAILOR—TAIT, THE COXSWAIN OF THE U. S. STEAMER WATEREE, OVERWHELMED BY THE TIDAL WAVE, IN THE PORT OF ARICA.

and slimy length around her arm, raised its head and thrust out its bifurcated tongue. The lady was almost paralyzed with fright. Her outcry soon brought other members of the family, who dispatched the monster.

ing the catastrophe. The frail gig and its sole occupant were carried out on the crest of the first tidal wave and thrown back to shore again with the returning foam of the liquid mountain. Tait saw at once and seemed to be fully aware of his impending doom. Seizing the

gig's ensign in his right hand, he stood for a moment erect in the stern sheets of the boat, and waved to his comrades a last adieu. All on board his ship looked on this tragic scene with breathless interest. He continued to wave the American flag in the midst of this elemental horror, but the second recoil of the angry waters dashed the gig to pieces, and swallowed the hardy sailor, so that he was seen no more.

## An Illinois Girl on her Muscle.

During the trial of a recent case of trespass, in Quincy, Ill., an ambitious young lawyer imprudently reflected upon the family of a handsome lady witness. An eruption was imminent, but the judge calmed the tempest for the time being. After the adjournment, however, the irate lady entered the lawyer's office, and putting her pretty little fist under the legal man's nose, dared him to come out into the hall to fight it out. After many explanations, and a liberal application of flattery, the belligerent beauty became pacified, and graciously withdrew.

## A Sheriff Tied to a Negro and Shot.

William J. Dollar, Deputy Sheriff of Keweenaw County, Ark., an old and highly-esteemed citizen, while serving a subpoena, on the 17th ult. was suddenly seized by a

party of ruffians, tied by a rope to a negro, and without being allowed any time for reflection or receiving any excuse for the cowardly act, was shot dead. The negro was then killed, and after both bodies had been riddled with bullets, they were thrown into a gully by the roadside, where they were subsequently found.

## A Sagacious Horse.

An old family horse, that has been running at through the streets and commons of Madison, Ohio, lost one of his shoes recently, and with the intelligence of a human being, walked up to the blacksmith shop



A SAGACIOUS HORSE.

where he had been shod for the last twenty years, and to the best of his ability asked the smith to shoe him by raising his foot and stamping on the ground. The smith being busy, drove him away several times during the day, and thought nothing of it. The next morning the horse came back, and entering the shop, walked up to the anvil and raised his foot. The smith attended to his wants, and the grateful animal trotted off contentedly.

## A Lady Horsewhips a Footpad.

Miss Winans, daughter of the late John T. Winans, while driving home from Elizabeth City, unattended, on Saturday afternoon last, was set upon by a footpad near the Egypt woods. The fellow jumped up and tore out the back curtain of the vehicle, and seized hold of



AN UNCOMFORTABLE BRACELET.



AN ILLINOIS GIRL ON HER MUSCLE.



A SHERIFF TIED TO A NEGRO AND SHOT.



A LADY HORSEWHIPS A FOOTPAD.

Miss Winans, who struck him several times across the face with the butt-end of the whip. The object was evidently to obtain money, and, finding that the lady had none, the villain decamped.

#### DUMAS AS A COOK.

We find the following story of the great French novelist, told in the Mobile *Sunday Times*, by John R. Thompson. The royal general referred to was doubtless Beauregard, and the French nobleman the Prince Camille de Polignac, who served under him in the war. As to the story, we have no reason to question its truth, but as now *est vero, est brevis*:

Speaking of Dumas reminds us of a droll manifestation of his eccentricity two years ago, upon the occasion of his entertaining at dinner a very distinguished soldier of the Confederate army, at that time on a visit to Paris. A French nobleman, who had himself rendered conspicuous services in behalf of the Lost Cause, desirous of showing every attention in his power to his former companion-in-arms, asked if, under any conceivable circumstances, he would consent to sit at table with a negro.

"Cela dépend," replied the distinguished ex-rebel; "it matters very much who the negro might be."

"Ah bien! a man of great wit and culture, in his way certainly the most celebrated man in France, a writer whose works are known more widely perhaps—"

"Tiens, mon ami, you must surely mean Alexander Dumas. Then I have no hesitation in saying that to meet him would give me all the pleasure in the world."

"Enough," rejoined the French nobleman; "I do mean Alexander Dumas, and my purpose is to bring you together at dinner."

The dinner was accordingly given.

Dumas had received his invitation, had accepted it, and did not appear.

During the entertainment, however, came a characteristic autograph letter from the illustrious *farceur* to say that he was rendered absolutely wretched by not being able to attend, but that he should expect the entire company to dine at his chateau on that day week. Dumas' chateau lies a few miles from the city, in the midst of pleasant woods, through which at the appointed time might have been seen whirling some of the handsomest equipages in Paris, bearing the company to the Apician feast. On entering the drawing-room, Judge the astonishment of the guests to behold the master of the establishment in a scant sack coat, an apron underneath across his ample chest, and a cook's paper cap crowning his crinkled black hair! In this costume he was seated at a small table, dashing off "copy" for the printer at his highest speed. Rising immediately and removing his MSS., he advanced toward his friends, with a pleasant smile, and said:

"Mesieurs et madames, I am delighted to see you in my humble abode, but I am desolate to tell you that just as the hour arrived for cooking the dinner, my custard fell gravely ill. In this dilemma, what do I, my friends? My faith! it remains only that I prepare the dishes myself, and so what I shall have the honor of setting before you to-day has been cooked with these hands. For the present, therefore, I must withdraw myself to make ready the soup. Be seated, my friends, and dinner will be served."

Dumas retired, and there came from the kitchen, in proper succession, the soup (an execrable composition), which our ex-rebel and his French comrade thought worse even than Confederate camp rations, but which the Parisian flatterers of the great Alexandre declared was beyond the reach of Philippe or the *Moulin Rouge*, the *fis*, the sweetbreads, the roast.

At intervals the hospitable cook made his appearance to tell some remarkable anecdote of the wines that were successively introduced; of the trout, which had each a history of its own; of a sauce, which, in a moment of inspiration, he had that instant invented, etc., etc., till the arrival of the game. At this point he took a seat at the table, poured out a goblet of still Sillery of '66, and said:

"Mes amis, it will perhaps impart an additional flavor to the cards whose happy destiny it is to be eaten by you, to know the manner in which they had the singular good fortune to be killed. Yesterday I had seated myself on the veranda with the intention of writing a little romance of the paraded *cailloux* Treize. I had perfected the plot, introduced my heroine, and was rapidly proceeding to get my hero in trouble, when I was invaded by *chasseurs* from the Champs Elysées. They were acquaintances, and asked permission to shoot over my grounds. They came admirably appointed, with the latest breech-loaders, bird bags of freshest leather, and the neatest pouches of prepared ammunition—they were *teut-a-fidèle* in costume, velvetine shooting-jackets, heavy boots—nothing could be better. I have some tenderness for my pheasants, my woodcock, my snipe, which abound in my preserves. But I saw these feathered innocents were in no danger from the cookney innocents of Paris. I yielded, and returned to my MS. and the Place Roysle, where I had left my hero making love to the wife of a Cabinet Minister. The day was charming, a light breeze just stirred the rich foliage of the copse, all was tranquility around. A bottle of Lafitte and a box of Cabanas stood within reach as I sat at my writing-desk. My romance was getting on finely, when, all of a sudden, pop! bang! a lively fusilade of the tirailleurs makes itself to hear, and the birds, scared from their leafy coverts, come flying about me. Then silence again. I go into the house and get my own double-barrel, and coming back, place it by my side. Again the fusilade and the flutter of the birds. I drop the pen for the fowling-piece and strew the lawn with game. In a couple of hours, when I had comfortably got my hero into the Basile, having never once risen from my seat, my stomach, very much fatigued, render themselves at the chateau. Their bags are empty. The birds were mine, you are to eat them. Happy creatures in tailing by my hand, doubly happy in the final appreciation of their estimable flavor! I leave you to enjoy them, while I propose for you a *bagnat de pomme*."

So saying, Alexandre again retired, and was seen no more until the fruit having been placed upon the table, he reappeared in an easy morning costume, as it about to engage in literary labor.

"My friends," said he, "I find myself under some embarrassment. Owing to the distractions of yesterday, and the interruption of my romance by the birds, the work was unhappily not finished. My hero languishes in the gloomy dungeon to which I had condemned him, and the Cabinet Minister's lady rises for his release. Moreover, the printer waits for the conclusion of the story. Fifteen minutes will suffice to bring all things to a pleasing and poetic termination. I beg your indulgence while I devote myself to this inexorable duty."

Thereupon he sat down at an escritor of ebony in an adjoining apartment, and sheet after sheet was torn off until the floor was as thickly covered with leaves as Valencia in October. A quarter of an hour had passed, when he arose, and gathering up his scattered work, made leave to absnt himself for a few moments. When he returned, it was in the faultless full evening-dress of a man of society.

"Mesieurs et madames," said he, "it was necessary to dispatch the romance to the printer; it is done. What happiness to me that I shall spend the remainder of the evening in your delicious society! Black coffee and a little gin! I am yours!"

A REVIVALIST encountered a large-sized African and asked him:

"My good man, have you found the Lord?"

To which Simbo replied in a surprised manner:

"Golly, massa, am de Lord lost?"

#### FUN FOR THE FAMILY.

Two sick nurses were talking of their profession over their tea. "You understand," said one to the other, "the doctor said it was brain fever, consequently he ought to have been out of his senses. Well, not a bit of it. He watched everything I did, as a well man could have done. And at last it worried me so that I went off, saying to him, 'Sir, I am an honest woman, above all suspicion, and I won't stay with sick people who keep from being delirious in order to watch me.'"

A CRIMINAL was nonplussed how to evade the Washington officials, when a young lady friend of high standing solved the difficulty by producing her Saratoga trunk, in the top and bottom of which two holes were bored. Inside she placed a box of sandwiches, a pint bottle of liquor, an army blanket, and the young man. The trunk was safely sent a distance of sixty-four miles.

DURING the Spring Circuit, in a case of assault and battery where a stone had been thrown by the defendant, the following clear and conclusive evidence was drawn out of a laborer:

"Did you see the defendant throw the stone?"

"I saw the stone, and I'm pretty sure the defendant threw it."

"Was it a large stone?"

"I should say it was a largish stone."

"What was its size?"

"I should say a sizable stone."

"Can't you answer definitely how big it was?"

"I can't give the jury some idea of the stone?"

"Why, as near as I recollect, it was something of a stone."

"Can't you compare it, so as to give some notion of the stone?"

"I should say it was as large as a lump of chalk!"

A REGIMENTAL coffin-maker was asked whom he was making for, and mentioned the intended.

"Why, he is not dead, man!" said the querist.

"Don't you trouble yourself," replied the other, "Dr. Cox told us to make his coffin, and I guess he knows what he gave him."

SCENE at a plumber's shop. Verdant customer misinterprets the meaning of the sign "Practical Plumber."

Verdant Customer—"Have you any green gage plums?"

Sharp Shopkeeper—"No, ma'am. We have a green gage, but he's out just now."

"WHEN I am in pecuniary difficulties," said a pensive bankrupt, "my garden, my flowers, all fresh and sparkling in the morning, console my heart."

"Indeed!" responded his sympathizing friend; "I should have thought they would remind you of your pecuniary troubles; for, like your bills, they are all over due."

A SHERIFF'S officer was once asked to execute a writ against a Quaker. On arriving at his house he saw the Quaker's wife, who, in reply to the inquiry whether her husband was at home, said he was, at the same time requesting him to be seated, and her husband would speedily see him. The officer waited patiently for some time, when the fair Quakeress coming into the room, he reminded her of her promise that he might see her husband.

"Nay, friend; I promised that he would see thee. He has seen thee. He did not like thy looks; therefore, he avoided thee, and hath departed from the house by another path."

"How do you like the character of St. Paul?" asked a parson of his ladylike one day, during a conversation about the old saints and the apostles.

"Ah! he was a good, clever old soul, I know, for he once said, you know, that we must eat what is set before us, and ask no questions for conscience sake. I always thought I should like him for a boarder."

"MANY, who died for you?" asked a parson of a b'coming sixteen.

"Nobody as I know of," was the reply.

But the parson repeated with zeal: "Mary, I say, who died for you?"

Mary was irritated, but replied:

"Why, nobody, sir; there was Bob Dawson lay bedrid for me about six months, but folks say he is out about again."

WHY are pretty girls like oatmeal cakes?

Because they give the heartburn.

A HAUNTED house in Savannah had three fearful midnight raps every night. People kept away until it was found that the next door neighbor knocked the ashes out of his pipe at that time.

"How do you like the looks of the varmint?" asked an Arkansas of a Down-Easter, who was gazing with distended eyes at an alligator with open jaws, on the bank of the Mississippi. "Wa'al,"

responded the Yankee, recovering his mental equanimity—they were *teut-a-fidèle* in costume, velvetine shooting-jackets, heavy boots—nothing could be better. I have some tenderness for my pheasants, my woodcock, my snipe, which abound in my preserves. But I saw these feathered innocents were in no danger from the cookney innocents of Paris. I yielded, and returned to my MS. and the Place Roysle, where I had left my hero making love to the wife of a Cabinet Minister. The day was charming, a light breeze just stirred the rich foliage of the copse, all was tranquility around. A bottle of Lafitte and a box of Cabanas stood within reach as I sat at my writing-desk. My romance was getting on finely, when, all of a sudden, pop! bang! a lively fusilade of the tirailleurs makes itself to hear, and the birds, scared from their leafy coverts, come flying about me. Then silence again. I go into the house and get my own double-barrel, and coming back, place it by my side. Again the fusilade and the flutter of the birds. I drop the pen for the fowling-piece and strew the lawn with game. In a couple of hours, when I had comfortably got my hero into the Basile, having never once risen from my seat, my stomach, very much fatigued, render themselves at the chateau. Their bags are empty. The birds were mine, you are to eat them. Happy creatures in tailing by my hand, doubly happy in the final appreciation of their estimable flavor! I leave you to enjoy them, while I propose for you a *bagnat de pomme*."

A NOBLEMAN once sent his steward to call an artist, on whom he wished to confer a smutty dress as a mark of his approbation, to ascertain if such a present would be acceptable. The offer was received with enthusiasm.

"Where shall I send it?" inquired the envoy.

"Oh, if you would be kind enough," replied the grateful artist, "to pawn it on the way, you can let me have the money."

AN ANALYZING dame reports that "she had heard of but one old woman who kissed her cow, but she knows of many thousands of young ones who have kissed very great calves."

HOW AN ACTRESS BECAME A PRINCESS.—Mademoiselle Langel, the pretty French actress, was recently married to Prince Tolstoi, one of the wealthiest noblemen of St. Petersburg. The prince "popped the question" in a somewhat unusual manner. There was a fair at the St. Petersburg French Theatre for the benefit of the French Hospital. Mademoiselle Langel presided over one of the stands at the fair, and Prince Tolstoi banteringly asked her how much she would take for a kiss. She glanced at him rather sternly, and replied that she would not kiss any man but her betrothed. The prince passed on, but returned to Mlle. Langel's stand a quarter of an hour afterward, and said rather thoughtfully to the young actress, "Will you permit me to ask you another question, mademoiselle?" "With pleasure, sir." "Have you a betrothed?" She eyed him a moment in surprise, and said then, with a blush and smile: "No, sir." "Would you like to have one?" "That depends on circumstances," she said, laughing. "Well, then, would you take me?" He handed her his card. She was greatly astonished, and finally stammered out she would give him an answer next day. On the following morning he called at her house, the reply was in the affirmative, and to-day Mademoiselle Langel is a princess, and a happy wife.

A REVIVALIST encountered a large-sized African and asked him:

"My good man, have you found the Lord?"

To which Simbo replied in a surprised manner:

"Golly, massa, am de Lord lost?"

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To which Simbo

ESTABLISHED 1861.

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 ENGLISH BREAKFAST, (Black) 80c., 90c., \$1., \$1.10,  
 best \$1.20 per lb.  
 IMPERIAL (Green), 80c., 90c., \$1., \$1.10, best \$1.25  
 per lb.  
 YOUNG HYSON (Green), 80c., 90c., \$1., \$1.10, best \$1.25  
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 UNCOLORED JAPAN, 90c., \$1., \$1.10, best \$1.25 per lb.  
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 and warrant to give perfect satisfaction. ROASTED,  
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 GITIMATE AND STRAIGHTFORWARD  
 CHARACTER OF OUR BUSINESS."

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 CUTLERY, DRUGS GOODS, DOMESTIC  
 GOODS, etc., etc.,

which are actually selling at an average price of One Dollar for each article.

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 Contains the conclusion of the thrilling continued Story  
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CONCENTRATED INDIGO

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IN EACH TWENTY CENT BOX.

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**\$500.** I will cheerfully give the above amount to any one who can surpass my imitation of Gold Watches. Description of metal and goods sent free on demand. Prices from \$16 to \$22. They are sent C.O.D. with charges. Address JULES D. HUGUENIN VUILLEMEN, No. 44 Nassau street, New York, or call and examine for yourselves.

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